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THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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No, Dr. Butler

Nicholas Murray Butler made a rousing speech at Columbia, favoring the democracies against the dictatorships and pledging the aid of the university in the fight against barbarism. In it were several curious sentences that sounded as if he intended to apply fascist principles on Morningside Heights. Any faculty member who did not agree with him in this matter, he implied, should resign. The freedom of "the university" to pursue its chosen course was greater than the individual academic freedom of the professor. As for the students, academic freedom did not apply to them anyway.

A long list of distinguished scholars and public men have objected or asked for further light. Just what does Dr. Butler think he is defending? A university in which all the scholars and students must agree with the president or resign is just the sort of thing that has aroused the justified contempt of scholars and students for the regimes of Germany and Italy. It is the worst possible advertisement for the anti-Hitler cause when its leading proponents act as Hitler would in their places. Democratic unity can only be disrupted by speeches like Dr. Butler's.

Chamberlain

It is scarcely necessary to do more than record the fact that Neville Chamberlain, a sick man, has retired from the British Cabinet and from leadership of the Conservative Party. So complete has been his defeat that there is little left for him but pity. When will American appeasers learn from his mistakes?

Brenner Decisions

From Brenner Pass again rolls out the secret edict of the usurpers who rule the destinies of millions. Who is to feel their murderous power this time? The very wealth of possibilities makes speculation difficult. Conflicting rumors are deliberately stimulated, so that the action, when it comes, may be as nearly a surprise as possible. Either they have decided that invasion of Britain is unwise at present and that this is going to be a long war, or they have arranged for Italo-German coöperation in an early attempt. Either they are worried about the Soviet Union's attitude toward the new pact with Japan or they have fixed it all up with Stalin. Either Spain is coming into the war, or they have decided to let her remain out for the present. Perhaps a decision was made to force France to fight against Great Britain. Perhaps the conversation turned to the United States and its growing war potential. Perhaps they planned a new peace offensive.

But one thing is as nearly sure as anything can be in this time of secrecy and surprise; Hitler and Mussolini will try to wrest control of the Mediterranean from Britain. They must have it, not only to break up the Empire, but to assure themselves of oil. They are already moving on Suez through Egypt; advance German detachments, perhaps as many as three German divisions, are in Rumania; they may move on Gibraltar through Spain; or on British shipping round the African continent from Dakar. They threaten Greece from Albania. The grand campaign may start at any moment.

CONTENTS

The Week 507

Editorials
- Labor Law and Preparedness 510
- Civilians Prepare 511
- War Monopolies 512

General Articles
- Japan Shoots Her Bolt . . Nathaniel Peffer 513
- Pan-American Defense . . . Stuart Chase 515
- Lines in Place of a Metaphysical Poem . . . . . Henry Rago 518
- Live Steel—Dead Jobs . . . . . Harold J. and Stanley Ruttenberg 519
- Will the Metropolitan Wake Up? . . . . . Jerome Mellquist 522
- Washington Notes . . . . . T. R. B. 524
- Other People's Money . . John T. Flynn 525
- Broadway in Revue . . . . Stark Young 526
- On the Records . . . Stanley Ferguson 526
- The Bandwagon 527

Correspondence 527

Books in Review
- "The Country I Remember" . Edmund Wilson 529
- Judge with His Hair Down . Max Lerner 531
- Goethe the Nourisher . . Harry Slochower 532
- The Big Bad Wolf . . Dunstan Thompson 533
- A Reader's List 533

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Straws in the Soviet Wind

Articles are appearing in the rigidly controlled Soviet press praising the British war effort and pointing out the large share labor is playing in it. . . . Czech Communists tear down Nazi posters and put in their place others attacking Hitler. . . . Ambassador Sir Stafford Cripps sends for his family to join him in Moscow. . . . Ambassador Oumansky has a long and apparently cordial conference with Under-Secretary Welles. . . . Communist Candidate Browder in a public speech suggests an alliance among the United States, the Soviet Union, and Nationalist China, which Britain and the United States are helping against Japan. . . . The Turkish press says that the Axis pact with Japan has ruptured good feeling between Berlin and Moscow.

Soviet winds sometimes veer too quickly for accurate prediction. Is this an errant gust or a strong gale? Does it indicate that Stalin momentarily wants something more from Hitler than he is getting? Or does it portend a more enduring shift? Realpolitik would suggest that such a shift must occur when Moscow has nothing more to gain as a camp-follower of the Axis. She does not want a powerful and victorious Japan on her Eastern border, or a German-Italian controlled Balkan peninsula.

They Don't Like Roosevelt

Governor Lehman said the dictators want Roosevelt defeated. Unfair! Unfair! cried the Willkie papers. Mr. Willkie is as much against them as Mr. Roosevelt, and anyway we ought not to let Hitler and Mussolini decide how we are to vote. Nevertheless, Herbert Matthews cabled from Rome to The New York Times at just that moment, and The Times printed, that the dictators *do* want Mr. Roosevelt defeated—not because they want to interfere with our internal politics, but because they see in him an implacable enemy. The Italian censor passed the dispatch. But when the Fascist authorities noted the effect in this country, they shipped Mr. Matthews out of Italy for sending it, with a solemn statement saying they did not care how the election came out, since they were sure of licking Britain anyway. The reason given is interesting. They still can't help revealing their belief that Mr. Roosevelt would help Britain more than Mr. Willkie. Maybe they are wrong (though we doubt it). But the effect of our election on foreign opinion is vital, and Mr. Lehman was not unfair in calling attention to it.

Mr. Willkie and the Man-Eating Shark

Wendell Willkie speaking in Jersey City had an easy mark in Mayor Hague, and he made the most of his opportunity. We do not see how anyone in any party could fail to be outraged by Boss Hague's infringements of civil and political liberty, by the burning of electoral records, the flouting of congressional investigation, the refusal to obey the law requiring the installation of voting machines. The failure of the Roosevelt administration to dissociate itself completely from Mr. Hague, even if it could not bring him to book under the law, is one of the blackest passages in its record. Mr. Willkie is entitled to make the most of it. We wish it were possible for Jersey City to return a smashing Republican victory in November—provided also that all the localities under corrupt Republican bosses repudiated their leadership with equal emphasis, and provided that Mr. Willkie were not elected President. For, after all, if disapproval of the Hagues were the principal requirement for the presidency, millions of us would qualify.

Throwing Things at Willkie

Another occasion for taking Mr. Willkie's part without wishing to see him elected is in disapproval of those who interrupted his tours and speeches by throwing botanical specimens, iron wastebaskets and the like. Even the lowliest mendicant has a right to be immune from rudeness of this sort, to say nothing of a candidate for the highest office in the land. Universal disapproval was rightly expressed, from the Republican newspapers to Mr. Flynn and Mr. Roosevelt.

What we fail to understand, however, is how being on the receiving end of such bargain merchandise is a reason for being elected chief executive. The argument runs, as we get it, that the hurlers were really instigated, directly or indirectly, by the Democratic candidate, and that this low fellow deserves overwhelming defeat. But if such incidents are to be explained in this way, it is only the accident that the readers of the anti-Roosevelt press are too dignified to throw things that has prevented its virulence from inspiring a hailstorm of tomatoes on the White House. Go to a movie on Park Avenue some time and hear the Willkieites hiss the President of the United States.

The Republican Bid for Labor

Mr. Willkie did his best in Pittsburgh to win the support of organized labor, but as usual he took back with one hand what he gave with the other. He is all for collective bargaining and the Wagner Act—but he would change those who administer it, and if that did not produce the effect he had in mind he would amend the law. And what he has in mind is administration by localities. Every intelligent worker knows that local authorities are likely to support big local employers.

Mr. Willkie is for maximum wages and minimum hours, with the same standards in North and South. Good! But, again, he is for local administration. He can't have it both ways. The record of Mr. Willkie's own Commonwealth and Southern subsidiaries in fighting the unions and the labor laws, and the anti-labor record of the Republican Party in Congress, are not likely to lead workers to rely on his present words.

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So far all this is ordinary political equivocation. Not so, however, his remaks about social security. He is for it—but he tried to scare the workers by telling them that their pensions are not safe because the Roosevelt administration is heading toward bankruptcy. That is like the nasty trick which the British Tories used to oust the Labor Party some years ago when they told the workers their postal savings were not safe. Nobody knows better than Mr. Willkie and his expert advisers that the federal government is in no danger of bankruptcy and that if he intends to spend less he will cripple the people's security.

Public Utilities Pay Taxes

It is assumed by many opponents of the New Deal that public electric enterprises pay no taxes. They use this as a convenient argument against such institutions, representing them as able to reduce their charges to consumers simply because they are absolved of the heavy load of tax costs borne by private enterprises. An effective answer to this charge has been made recently by Gordon R. Clapp, TVA general manager.

Mr. Clapp says that payments in lieu of taxes by the TVA now exceed by $527,000 all former *ad-valorem* taxes collected on power property acquired by the TVA. Former taxes are estimated at $1,018,000 annually: payments by the Authority at $1,545,000 for the fiscal year 1941. "In lieu of tax payments by TVA on property purchased, payments by coöperatives and payments by municipalities into their general funds now exceed by $648,000 all former tax collections." The one decrease is in the form of business taxes totaling roughly $700,000 that were estimated to be allocable to electric-utility purchases. Thus there is a net decrease of $51,000 in total tax payments, and it is against this that we should weigh reductions in electric rates which are saving ratepayers $9,000,000 a year.

Lying, Plain and Fancy

We have hard work keeping Senator Styles Bridges of New Hampshire informed. On the floor of the Senate on October 2 he defended Mr. Willkie by accusing The New Republic of "plain and fancy lying" in its supplement on the Republican candidate. According to The New York Herald Tribune, he said also that this journal had refused to print a reply by Russell Davenport, which the Senator inserted in The Congressional Record. We at once telegraphed Senator Bridges that a reply by Mr. Davenport had appeared in our issue of September 30 and that we had not refused to publish anything of the sort.

Now, in The Congressional Record for October 2, Mr. Bridges is quoted as saying that we did publish "a brief letter of reply" by Mr. Davenport, but that Mr. Davenport added that "Mr. Willkie has had prepared a detailed statement answering all charges made or implied," offered a copy for publication, and that we "did not see fit to print that rebuttal." The Davenport letter, as printed in The New Republic and copied in The Congressional Record, did not read, "Mr. Willkie has *had* prepared," but "Mr. Willkie *has* prepared." Editorially, September 30, we offered to print Mr. Willkie's supposedly forthcoming reply.

The only document received from the Willkie headquarters since Mr. Davenport's letter is a long and turgid memorandum by a "research worker" of the Republican National Committee. We did not decline to print even that, though we did intend to suggest that it be put in shape so that Mr. Willkie might sign it. This document Senator Bridges also inserted in The Record. Since he has done so, and it is thus available to all, we clearly do not need to print it. We will, however, send to any of our readers a detailed comment on its statements, on receipt of 10 cents to cover cost of reproduction. We hope to publish a brief summary of it, with an answer, in the near future.

Incidentally, Senator Bridges did not see fit to insert in The Record our rebuttal to Mr. Davenport.

A Great Campaigner

What was the net effect on Mr. Willkie's popularity of his noisy tour on the Pacific Coast, of the mass meetings, the parades, the ticker tape showering from office buildings, the adulation of Senator Hiram Johnson and the pot shots that the Republican candidate took at Mr. Roosevelt? According to Mr. Gallup's Institute of Public Opinion, California favored Roosevelt over Willkie on September 20, before the tour, 58 percent to 42. On October 1, after it, the division was 57 to 43. In Oregon and Washington, the poll actually shows gains for the President after the trip. The Roosevelt percentage was increased from 53 to 56 in the former state, and from 57 to 58 in the latter. Allowing for Mr. Gallup's estimated margin of error —three to four percent—all three coast states seem to be safely in the Democratic column.

Pictures for All

Art Week is to be observed from November 25 to December 1 under a National Council headed by Francis Henry Taylor, director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Its object is twofold: to convince the public that works of art are within the reach of most pockets and to propagate the work of American artists. One thousand sales exhibits will be displayed and local committees will make arrangements for exhibitions and sales under the coördination of the National Council. Each state is to have a chairman.

In accepting leadership of the council, Mr. Taylor reported that the American art audience had grown to include nearly a third of the population and that "we are turning from a system of art patronage supported by a few art collectors to one which has the possibility of enlisting the active participation of the whole

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American people." Mr. Taylor promises that the scope of Art Week will not be limited to established artists. All artists and craftsmen are eligible to submit their work to their community committee.

Klansmen for Willkie

The Brooklyn unit of the Ku Klux Klan held a meeting in the Yale Republican Club on September 19. The occasion was the presentation of American and Christian flags to the Mayflower League, Klanswomen's auxiliary. (The Christian flag was white, with a red star against a blue upper right corner.)

Terrence Magowan, a renegade Catholic, handed out the usual violently anti-Catholic Klan spiel. The second speaker, the Rev. Dr. McNickle, added a new twist when he launched into a tirade against President Roosevelt. "Buy with Willkie—beg with Roosevelt," McNickle shouted, and the Klansmen cheered.

Though the meeting was held in a Republican club, there was no evidence of official Republican sponsorship. Certainly the Republicans didn't bargain for the collection of Klansmen, Bundsmen and Christian Mobilizers that crowded their hall.

Correction

A correspondent has kindly called our attention to an error in our supplement, "This Man Willkie," page 320, second paragraph. There it is stated that Commonwealth and Southern not only stopped paying common dividends, but stopped paying preferred dividends also, subsequently resuming payment at $3 a year. As a matter of fact, preferred dividends were not stopped, but were reduced from $6 to $3 in 1935. This sentence will be corrected in future printings. It has, we believe, no important bearing on the substance of the article.

News Notes of a Week

Georges Mandel, Reynaud's Minister of the Interior, was acquitted by the Supreme Court at Riom on treason charges and it was revealed that he had previously been acquitted by a Moroccan court. . . . Norwegian students engaged in a noisy demonstration against the Quisling government and were suppressed by heavy police forces. . . . Premier Konoye warned the United States against interfering with Axis military affairs, stating it would mean war with Japan. . . . The Germans charged that Gibraltar's famous Barbary apes were being trained in the use of hand grenades. . . . The British reinforced their Malta base, while the Pope warned that Italian women were "facing a danger that may bring an end to their purity." The danger turned out to be a barbarous invasion by immodest dresses. . . . Herbert Hoover again urged the feeding of European civilians and was opposed by a group of prominent clergymen and educators. . . . The functions of Chief of Staff of the Army and Commanding General of the Field Forces were combined by creation of a War Department GHQ, with General Marshall assuming the new post. . . . Walter Pollak, lawyer famous for his defense of the Scottsboro boys, died in New York.

Labor Law and Preparedness

IT IS THE LAW of the land that employers may not deprive workers of the right to self-organization and collective bargaining through representatives of their own choosing. A number of concerns—prominent among them the Bethlehem Steel Corporation—have stubbornly defied this law for several years. Bethlehem, after careful investigation, has been cited for this disobedience on several counts and ordered to amend its behavior by the National Labor Relations Board, set up by Congress to obtain observance of the law. The corporation, nevertheless, has persisted in its violation and has further delayed collective bargaining by appealing from the Board to the courts. In one case at least the highest court in the land has decided against it; the other cases are pending. Yet Bethlehem has continued to evade the law even in the instance where the Supreme Court has held that it is at fault.

For a long time the government, which is a large purchaser, has been buying materials from some of the companies which have refused to obey the federal labor laws. In the eyes of labor, and rightly so, we believe, this practice is nothing less than a national scandal. It tends to undermine the authority and integrity of the state. Why should one arm of the government actually encourage employers who will not comply with the standards lawfully required by another arm? The government is not compelled to purchase from any specific manufacturer. There is no constitutional right on the part of any citizen to receive orders from it. The practice could be accounted for partly by the fact that the army and navy officers who were chiefly concerned were close to reactionary employers. The legal excuse was that government bureaus were compelled to place contracts on the basis of competitive bidding. Yet they were allowed discretion in awards, even so. Attempts to change the statutes governing purchasing so that the bureaus would be instructed to disregard bidders who were in violation of the labor laws were blocked by the reactionaries in Congress.

With the inauguration of the defense program, the requirement for competitive bidding was dropped in the interest of speed and efficiency. There no longer was any shadow of a reason why one arm of the government should obstruct the action of the other. For this and other, even more compelling, reasons the National Defense Advisory Commission unanimously decided—by the votes of such members on the employing

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side as Messrs. Stettinius, Knudsen and Budd as well as by the votes of Sidney Hillman and the administration members—that labor standards must be preserved in the defense effort, and that no orders would be given to employers who were violating labor laws. Even in 1917 a similar practice was adopted by the war administration, though then the standards were not established by federal law, but were decided on for the occasion.

Bethlehem Steel is an important producer of armament and ships. During the last war it made gigantic profits in this trade. Contracts involving many millions of dollars had already been negotiated with it when the NDAC made this decision. (There is some obscurity as to whether the contracts had finally been closed or not.) The authorized representative of the steel workers of Bethlehem pointed out forcibly to the government that here was a situation in point. Because of the refusal of genuine collective bargaining, the workers, after many months of patience in attempting to negotiate, were on the verge of striking. Would the government enforce the law and its policy in the Bethlehem case?

One legal point remained. It was argued by partisans of the employer that he could not be held a lawbreaker until after the last court of appeal had decided against him. On this point the NDAC asked Attorney General Jackson's opinion. He replied, as any sound lawyer would have done, that the decisions of the government's administrative agencies on questions of violation were binding on the government until or unless the courts upset these decisions.

At this point most of the newspapers of the country gave one of the most shameful exhibitions they have ever presented of their anti-labor bias. Even the stately New York Times adopted editorially an attitude which by any broad standard of political morality must be called corrupt. The burden of their argument was that unreasonable demands of labor were about to cause an interruption of defense production, and that the NDAC and Mr. Jackson had done a shocking thing in abetting them. All this without a word of blame for the contumacious behavior of Bethlehem Steel, the importance of simple justice to labor, especially in the present world crisis, or the respect due to constitutional democratic government and the majesty of the law. At a time when labor's good will and coöperation are needed as never before, and labor in an important instance is being compelled to strike in order to gain rights which the law already assures it, the press does not blame the employer for disobedience or praise the government for trying to obtain compliance! This is a glaring instance of the tendency of the big papers to place the employer above the community and the law.

Mr. Roosevelt's administration is at fault for not having brought this issue to a decision before the emergency was upon us. But now it is essential that there should be no further temporizing. There are relatively few important industrial establishments which have not complied with the Labor Act. Nevertheless we cannot allow defense production to be impeded even in these few. An interruption of production by an avoidable stoppage, for which the employer is both legally and morally responsible, cannot be permitted at Bethlehem or anywhere else. Withholding of governmental orders in an effort to enforce compliance, while justifiable, is practically too great a sacrifice of the nation's welfare at this moment. If the employer remains obdurate, there is just one recourse left. The President should exercise the powers given him by the conscription bill—or if that is not sufficient, his general emergency power—to take over and operate any plant where an interruption of production occurs because of the employer's refusal to obey the law and engage in collective bargaining.

The strategy of this crisis is political and social as well as military. We are preparing to defend democracy and the rights of the common man. We cannot allow an internal war against organized labor to be carried on by great profit-seeking interests if we are to prosecute this endeavor successfully. To foment such a civil war is traitorous levity, and the effort of reactionary spokesmen to do so is a measure of their deficient leadership against the menace of fascism.

But labor, too, has both an opportunity and an obligation. It is, as a matter of course, entitled to justice on its own right. Further than this, however, it ought to identify itself with the national interest in a broader sense than merely to stand on its pre-war platform. Neither Mr. Green nor Mr. Lewis has assumed this type of leadership in an effort to combat the greatest enemies of labor in the world. If all union leaders had been as outspoken and as energetic as Mr. Hillman in facing the international issue and the need for defense, both the foreign and the domestic enemies of democracy would be weaker.

Civilians Prepare

SEVERAL MONTHS AGO the popular illustrated English weekly Picture Post came out with a dashing article on the creation of a Citizen's Army. The author was Tom Wintringham, ex-Communist and one-time commander of the British Battalion in Spain. Wintringham argued that a civilian population unfamiliar with guerilla and makeshift tactics was the soft spot in any democracy at war. He urged that Britons be taught to defend their towns and villages by learning from the methods of the Spanish Republic and he packed his article with advice on the manufacture of home-made bombs, smoke screens and other delaying effectives. As though this were not shocking enough to conservative minds, he advocated a far-reaching democratic mili-

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tancy in small communities. A local vicar was pictured in shirt-sleeves, smiling broadly in a group of laborers and shouting for a spade to dig a trench across the High Street. Villagers were urged to ignore "No Trespassing" signs and take over the parks on big estates for maneuvers. The general picture of armed laborers striding over private property made many landowners feel queasy.

But the public response was tremendous. Wintringham was besieged with approving letters and it was a wealthy landowner who offered him Osterley Park, in the London suburbs, as a proving ground. Today his Home Guard Training School is training 500 volunteers a week. On Wintringham's staff are an Indian Army captain, a pilot, a scoutmaster, two English soldiers of the International Brigade, three Spanish Republicans and experts in firearms and camouflage.

The course lasts only two days, but is packed with purely practical instruction in the use of improvised defenses. Perhaps the most interesting thing about it is the curiosity it has provoked among soldiers of the regular army. In the two-day course, one old soldier said, it is possible to learn more than in years of army life. Junior officers are among the pupils, along with the leaders of small communities who return to pass on their training to citizen bodies. Though not officially recognized by the War Office, Wintringham's school is being copied in other districts and its influence promises to be far-reaching regardless of whether or not there is a German invasion.

War Monopolies

A RECENT ADDRESS by Mr. Thurman Arnold before the Illinois Association of Real Estate Boards justified the anti-trust drive for purposes of national defense. Production and distribution at reasonable prices is, he emphasized, vitally important to a country at peace, but its more dramatic significance may not be noted until defense measures are stepped up and the country attempts to fit extra burdens to a monopolistic economy. Once production and distribution become "ridden by small groups," the country is open to a more efficient enemy: the slogan "High profits and low turnover"—long the business maxim in Great Britain—strikes at the heart of efforts to speed production when danger is near. France had neither the strength nor the will to enforce a free market. England carried her "anti-productive system" to the highest point before taking steps to reorganize.

In building a war machine maximum production becomes the one object that supersedes all others. For that purpose private monopoly cannot be allowed to obstruct the "free markets."

Mr. Arnold believes in the efficacy of "constant policing." It is not enough merely to correct illegal business practices. A small force of trained men must be active in each state to consolidate the ground as fast as it is won. The force must consist of representatives of the consuming public, in constant touch with trade associations and consumer groups. As auxiliaries this force must have the consumers themselves educated to realize that they need not put up with artificial restrictions and trade barriers. This "policing" requires no exorbitant outlay. Mr. Arnold cites the investigation of a low-cost-housing project in Pittsburgh. The difference between competitive bids before and after the grand jury began to sit was enough to pay most of the year's appropriation for the Anti-trust Division!

War-defense expenditures, Mr. Arnold believes, have only served to increase the need for anti-trust enforcement. Whether or not industry should be conscripted, Mr. Arnold considers beyond his province, stating merely that "a middle way will be found." What does concern him is collusive price raising in vital raw materials. The Bureau of Labor Statistics index of lumber prices has risen more than a point a week since the beginning of August, a total of more than six points between August 3 and September 7. The price index in various woods has risen from four to more than seventeen percent in four weeks. There is no good reason for these advances, which have raised prices for low-cost houses—in one place as much as seven percent—simply on account of increased lumber costs. "Meanwhile," Mr. Arnold concludes, "in some of the areas where employment has been rapidly expanded by the defense program, workers are reported to be living in shacks, tents and even automobiles."

For ourselves, we doubt whether maintenance of the "free market" will be sufficient for a war economy. Governmental controls will have to be exercised. But Mr. Arnold's efforts to eliminate private control for restriction of output certainly can help.

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Japan Shoots Her Bolt

No one who knows the Far East will feel much more apprehension since Japan joined the German-Italian Axis than before. In fact, he may feel less. In the first place, whatever Japan does under the alliance, she would have done without an alliance, and under the alliance she will do nothing that she was not disposed to do in any case. In the second place, the alliance is not wholly to America's detriment. In some respects it may be to America's advantage.

Japan is only following a course projected from as far back as 1936. She is capitalizing the immunity from Occidental interference given by the European conflict. She invaded China when European tension became so high that Great Britain and France and perhaps Soviet Russia as well could not disengage themselves from Europe. And her advance in aggression throughout the Far East has been in equal measure with Europe's movement from tension to outbreak of war and then to the war's present climax.

If there is anything new in Japan's adhesion to the fascist bloc it lies in two factors, one internal and the other external, the internal being probably the more important. The alliance reflects a turn in Japanese domestic politics more than a change in foreign policy. It reflects the formal accession to power of the extremist army clique after years of conflict. The army extremists have for some time favored an alliance with Germany, not so much out of doctrinal conviction as because they have always been pro-German. They were pro-German in the last war despite the Anglo-Japanese alliance, and they are pro-German now, not only because the army was first organized by men trained in Germany but because Germany has always been a military state after their own heart. Until now they have not had their way, because of the obstruction of the army moderates, the navy, the entourage of the imperial court, the Foreign Office and influential groups in business and finance. But having come to power behind the façade of the so-called Konoye government, they have put their wishes into effect.

The second factor is the desire for a kind of reinsurance. Ideally, like Russia, Japan would have preferred a protracted war which exhausted all the combatants, preferably with America included. But her military leaders came to the conclusion a few months ago that Germany's victory was at hand and that therefore they had to make haste to appropriate what they wanted in the Far East before Germany's hands were free—possession would be nine points of the law when it came to parceling out the British and French empires in the East. They therefore irremediably antagonized Britain and France and indirectly America. The Japanese army is still confident enough of German victory to commit the nation to German fortunes but not so certain that it does not wish to make sure by helping Germany to the extent of frightening America so that it will not give too much help to Great Britain. There is a too-simple assumption in this country that Japan has been taken in by the Germans. She has not. The Japanese have gone so far that their safety is jeopardized if England survives and America's armada comes into being. If on the other hand Germany wins, America is immobilized in the West for years. The Japanese must have a German victory. But this is far from saying that on Germany's summons they will go to war against America. If and when Germany is desperately in need of help they will use all their resources to consolidate themselves in their own region. The last thing that the most heedless Japanese general wants is a war with America.

This is the prime fact for America to trade on. In Germany's eyes the alliance may be aimed at America but not in Japan's. So far as Japan is concerned America's position has not been weakened—unless Great Britain is crushed and the empire dismembered. For America now has more of a free hand in the Pacific than it had before the alliance was contracted. Until then it was restrained from taking certain economic measures to penalize Japan by fear of Japanese retaliation, of precipitating further Japanese attempts at conquest. But now Japan has well nigh shot her bolt. If America now imposes a complete embargo on exports to Japan—a measure which would not work decisively in a short time but would have a cumulative effect in seriously weakening the country and depriving it of striking power anywhere—the scope of retaliation has been limited.

Indo-China is gone already. There is still Shanghai, where American interests could be expropriated, but while unpleasant and moderately costly, this would not be vital. The Philippines Japan will not touch until she is resolved on war with America and confident of victory—and she does not feel such confidence now. There are left only the Dutch East Indies and British Malaya, including Singapore, and the subsequent opportunity to shut off supplies of tin and rubber to America. But this has been talked about with much greater ease than it can be done. Unless called off by German pressure from the Netherlands, exercised by blackmail in the form of threats to relatives of the Dutch colonial officials residing in the Netherlands, the Netherlands Indies could put up a stiff resistance. It would require a fighting fleet of some dimensions, a

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huge convoy of supply ships and a large expeditionary force to take and hold Java, Sumatra and Dutch Borneo. As for Singapore, it would require a large part of the Japanese fleet, if not the larger part, another huge expeditionary force and heavy losses. The risk would be enormous and might be fatal.

Japan's lines, both military and naval, would then be extended from the Siberian border to the Equator. More than a million men are now stretched across Manchukuo and China in uneasy positions, harassed by guerillas and provisioned with extreme difficulty. There is already a deficiency in merchant shipping for transporting military supplies, and it would be seriously aggravated if expeditions to Indo-China, the Netherlands Indies, the Straits Settlements and the Federated Malay States also had to be maintained. Japan, already worn thin, would be so attenuated that her sinews could be snapped by effective pressure applied at any point. As a matter of naval strategy Japan would be handicapped by the same disabilities that now lie on America—distance from bases. In fact, with the best of luck Japan could survive only if Germany were completely victorious, the British navy were sunk and America so gravely threatened in the Atlantic as to be forced to withdraw from the Pacific. All those contingencies might be realized; but the risk is one that no army and navy would take unless completely unbalanced—and while the Japanese army and navy may be short-sighted and reckless, they are not unbalanced.

Japanese occupation of the Netherlands Indies and Malaya in order to deprive America of rubber and tin is a neat move in parlor strategy, but it is not very likely in the near future—not likely at all until Great Britain surrenders. The Netherlands Indies might be taken but not Malaya as well, and without both Japan cannot cut off enough rubber and tin to affect the United States seriously. This is to say, America is now free to impose such economic penalties on Japan as it wishes. For all practical purposes Japan has already done her worst, unless she chooses war.

The new alliance brings existing perils into relief rather than creates new ones. That Germany and Japan would attempt whipsaw tactics on America could have been discounted in advance. That they will do so if Germany wins is now officially declared. But there is no more cause for concern now than there was before, and there is no need for dramatic measures in the Pacific. There is no need, for example, to send ships to Singapore; in fact, there would be no use in doing so. Part of the American fleet could not serve as a deterrent on Japan now. Only the whole fleet would do so, and that would mean war.

With regard to the Pacific, America's course is now clear. It is free to impose economic penalties on Japan and should do so. All raw materials, finished and semi-finished products and commodities of direct or indirect use for military purposes should be shut off from Japan by formal embargo. This is a simple matter of insurance. If Germany does win, it is better that Japan be as weak as possible and without the means of replenishing herself. Since Japan will have meager sources of supply outside the United States until the European war is over and normal economic processes operate again, an embargo is now especially effective.

Furthermore, now that Britain has reopened the Burma Road, probably with American advice, there should be liberal American credits to China, to be used for a flow of supplies to be transported to Rangoon either through the Suez Canal or by the southern route across the Pacific. Thus China's resistance can be maintained and Japan's strength still further drained. As a matter of fact, Japan is no nearer to conquering China now than she was last year or the year before. Even if China remained as nearly cut off from the world as she now is, with both the Indo-China and Burma routes closed, she could still hold out for a considerable period. If she can have access to supplies again she can make effective resistance far into the future, effective enough to compel Japan to keep more than half a million men stationed in China. In fact, with sources of supply restored, China is in an even better position than before, since Japan is so much extended by her newest adventures in the south.

Beyond these measures America can best meet the danger from the Pacific in the Atlantic. For the future of the Far East is being determined in the British Isles and not in the China Sea. If Great Britain comes through, the Japanese menace can be laid automatically. It will almost lay itself. In all probability the mere threat of the combined British and American fleets would be enough. If the threat were emphasized by the imposition of a boycott on all Japanese trade, operating mainly through ships stationed at the Suez and Panama Canals, it would produce results in a short time. Japan would have no choice but to accept a negotiated settlement on all Far Eastern territory, China included. All that has been done in the last six months, or for that matter since 1937, could be undone. The forms of negotiation and compromise could be preserved, even if the essence were a decision imposed on Japan. If Japan instead should run amok, she could be dealt with summarily by the British and American fleets—the American having been materially enlarged of course—converging on Eastern waters from Hawaii and Singapore. From the beginning of the China-Japan war it could have been foreseen that that war, having been precipitated by the European conflict, would be settled as that conflict was settled. It is now formally so provided, since the Japanese have entered a European coalition.

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The pre-condition is that Great Britain hold out, and the principal effect of the German-Italian-Japanese pact is to reinforce the urgency of increasing and expediting help to Great Britain. By British victory America's difficulties in the Pacific can be alleviated. This knowledge we owe to the new treaty, and it is a debt of some proportions. The new alliance has both accentuated and dramatized the direct stake America has in German defeat, if not British victory.

NATHANIEL PEFFER

Pan-American Defense

WHEN CONGRESS VOTED fourteen billion dollars for battleships, planes and tanks to defend America, the Germans made almost no comment. When President Roosevelt suggested a cartel, or central trading agency, to handle the surplus products of the Americas, Berlin cried bloody murder. The learned Professor Doctor Funk was summoned to quote all the law and the prophets against such an iniquitous proposal. Question: What kind of American defense program worries Herr Hitler the more, military or economic?

In late July of this year, Mr. Hull called a meeting of the foreign ministers of the twenty-one republics at Havana, to consider the defense of the hemisphere. Heretofore Pan-American conferences have been long on rhetoric and short on action. This one was different. There was rhetoric enough at the official sessions in the super-Hollywood capitol building, but in the high, green-shuttered rooms of the Hotel Nacional, perspiring delegates in white tropical suits, working far into the night, achieved an impressive amount of action. Herr Hitler's ominous shadow brings people together who never have gotten together before. Even the proud Argentinians, after a day or two of hesitation, came around and signed on the dotted line.

It was expected that Mr. Hull would present a plan for an all-American cartel. The Argentine delegation was expected to knock it in the head. Over their daiquiri cocktails, the newspaper boys were prophesying a battle royal. They didn't know their Mr. Hull. The battle never came off. He laid no blueprints on the tables, but sweetly asked the several delegates, especially those from below the bulge, what *they* had to propose. This was a disarming move. It signified that the United States had nothing to shove down their throats, but honestly wanted a joint program.

There were many long sessions at the Nacional dealing with economic defense, but no cartel was drafted. A great deal of preliminary work must be done before any feasible joint trading scheme can be outlined. But the economic resolutions adopted at Havana laid a foundation for some very comprehensive plans indeed. Let me call your special attention to this phrase: ". . . improving the standard of living of the peoples of America, including public health and nutrition." The Inter-American Economic Committee, with representatives from all the republics, and headquarters at Washington, was instructed to get busy at once. It was to act not only on surpluses but on investments, loans, finance, currency, foreign exchange and the development of new industries. It was to examine the possibility of using surplus foodstuffs to break the paradox of plenty and improve standards of living, "including public health and nutrition."

I was told at Havana, by those who ought to know, that we may expect some bold and far-reaching proposals from the Inter-American Committee before the year is out. The surplus situation may be very acute in a few months, and this would encourage boldness. I had a long talk with one of the South American members, and was impressed by his knowledge and realism. "The old formulas won't work any more," he said. "We must have a new set, and a new spirit to carry them out. We need a concept of hemisphere economy over and above that of national economy. We western nations can no longer face the world singly. If we can find a way to stand as a group, there is no limit to what we can do."

The misleading word "cartel" is not being used. For one reason, it connotes a price-boosting monopoly, like the British tin cartel. But the idea of an all-American super-market, or trading post, will continue to become increasingly important. It is an inevitable development which only the restoration of world free trade can check. Mr. Hull hopes for the latter, but I found no other delegate who believes it possible in our time. The moving finger seems to point to four or five great continental economic blocs, largely self-sufficient, bartering with one another for what they do not produce at home.

The United States accounts for half the population of the hemisphere, and produces four or five times more goods than the rest of the hemisphere combined. It is the only country which has both the raw materials and the manufacturing plant to become self-sufficient if it had to. The other twenty-one nations (including Canada) are producers of specialized raw materials, which they must export and exchange for manufactured goods if they are to survive. If their exports are cut off, they face ruin. Canada and Argentina have been developing manufactures, but not enough for a balanced economy. They too must ex-

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port or die. For three hundred years the New World has helped to feed the Old World in exchange for manufactured products from Europe. Only since the First World War has this rhythm been broken in the United States. In about twenty-five years we have outgrown our colonial role and become the greatest manufacturing country on earth.

Here then is the central economic problem of the hemisphere. If the Old World stops buying the raw materials of the New World—its coffee, wheat, nitrates, meat—the economies of twenty-one nations are knocked galley-west, and that of the United States is given a stiff jolt, especially in respect to surplus cotton. But if Hitler wins the war, and in his own time offers to take these surpluses on his own particular, not to say peculiar, terms, he can play one punch-drunk nation off against another and shatter the political control of the hemisphere. He can trade for both goods and political concessions. He can quite possibly use his economic offensive to pave the way for a military one. No single Latin American government can hope to out-trade him, while individual business firms will be helpless against his massive export-import machine. He can boycott firms which show a pro-American policy. He can make firms which depend on his orders withhold advertising from newspapers which show a pro-American policy. He can force companies to dismiss employees. He can, in short, raise merry hell, and already has in Latin America.

One high official outlined the policy he thought Hitler would follow if he won the war. First he would boycott all hemisphere trade for a year or two, thus allowing surpluses to become completely unmanageable. At a point just short of utter economic collapse, he would move in, offer to buy, and of course write his own ticket. Nobody standing at death's door is fussy about terms. Hitler would certainly attempt to stir up animosity among the American nations, making them behave as bitter competitors rather than as friends.

The price of economic salvation on his terms would be the end of hemisphere solidarity, and quite possibly the end of real political independence for some of the republics. No one in Havana believed that Hitler could annex any Latin American nation without military conquest, but a Charlie McCarthy control was conceivable if the economic crisis should become desperate enough.

It is a case of being damned if we do trade with him, and damned if we don't. It is one hot spot, unless we get together. We have to create a united economic front strong enough to dictate the terms on which trade with Hitler and Company will be carried on. We have to make a seller's market, which means that if the buyer doesn't like our terms we can turn around and go fishing. That is the psychological attitude we must adopt. To adopt it we must tidy up the home economy so that we can still eat regular, even if Europe doesn't buy our products. It was President Roosevelt's threat of making a seller's market for the raw materials of the Americas that caused the fireworks in Berlin.

Was it a bluff? No. We can make a seller's market if we have the intelligence and the will. We have all the essential resources in this hemisphere to be completely self-sufficient. The only current shortage of serious dimensions is in new rubber, and there are two ways to fix that: develop it in Brazil or build synthetic rubber plants in the United States. Germany uses synthetic rubber for her motor vehicles almost exclusively, and they seem to have no difficulty in going places.

In the United States we have the factory capacity to supply most of the manufactured goods hitherto shipped from Europe or Japan. We have a reserve of idle money and men to build plenty of additional factories if the demand arises.

Living standards in the whole hemisphere are low enough to provide ample markets. The sky is the limit for increasing the production of consumers' goods, provided that an adequate basis for internal exchange can be worked out. There is nothing that would do more to strengthen the morale and hence the defensive strength of the Americas, nothing that would more effectively discourage fifth-column operations.

In the light of these resources, needs and objectives, the task of the Inter-American Committee is clear. How shall the twenty-two nations distribute their output to give a maximum of employment, well-being, health and loyalty to the 268,000,000 inhabitants of the hemisphere? I include the populations of the foreign possessions in the total. The legal title is in Old World hands, but the people live here. There are about three millions of them. They are drawing closer to us every day the war continues. Our eight military bases on British possessions will apparently be welcomed. At any moment some American republic may occupy a French or Dutch possession under the terms of the Act of Havana, to be jointly administered by the twenty-one republics. Indeed this war may end with no foreign possessions left in the hemisphere at all. That would mean exchanging a large military headache for a not so large economic and political one, and a very good bargain it would be.

The most pressing problem is the disposal of the surpluses which are piling up in warehouses, due to war and blockade. People have the notion that they are all highly and widely competitive, but this is not the case, as the following list shows. In the first column is the troublesome commodity, in the second column the affected nations, arranged in order of tonnage exported. The basis is the four-year period, 1935-38:

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Commodity	*Major Exporting Nations*
Cotton	United States, Brazil, Peru
Wheat	Canada, Argentina, United States
Corn	Argentina
Tobacco	United States, Brazil, Cuba
Beef	Argentina, Uruguay, Brazil
Coffee	Brazil, Colombia, Guatemala
Linseed	Argentina, Uruguay
Hides	Argentina, Brazil, Uruguay
Hogs	Canada, United States, Argentina
Sugar	Cuba, Dominican Republic, Peru
Oil	Venezuela, United States, Mexico
Copper	Chile, Peru
Nitrates	Chile
Silver	Mexico
Cacao	Brazil, Ecuador

The only United States exports which have been in serious competition with other nations in the hemisphere are cotton, wheat, tobacco, hogs and oil. Argentina finds competition among her neighbors for wheat, beef, linseed, hides, hogs. Canada is smothered in wheat, and competes with the United States in hog products. This list shows some mean problems—which Hitler can be expected to exploit to the utmost—but it shows also that competitive exports are not so widespread as is commonly supposed.

In recent years Latin American countries have been sending about 54 percent of their agricultural exports to Europe, 32 percent to the United States, 9 percent to other nations, and exchanging only 5 percent among themselves. Yet their own citizens need a lot more to eat and wear. The possibilities of stimulating trade *within* the hemisphere have not been tapped. In 1938, these agricultural exports of Latin America were valued at $1,013,000,000. The agricultural exports of the United States have been averaging $457,000,000 a year; of Canada, $194,000,000 a year. Cotton and tobacco lead the United States shipments, with hog products a poor third. Wheat is way out in front for Canada. Coffee, corn, wheat, sugar, meat products, in that order, lead in Latin America. Argentina is far and away the greatest exporter in Latin America, with Brazil second.

What would it cost to buy all agricultural exports of the hemisphere which have been shipped to points *outside* the hemisphere? This is the real problem of the surpluses. Judging by the four-year average, 1935-38, it would cost $1,380,000,000 a year. Here are the leading items:

Cotton	$340,000,000
Wheat	237,000,000
Corn	161,000,000
Tobacco	154,000,000
Beef	143,000,000

Already this trade has been enormously reduced by the war. Both Latin America and Canada are turning to the United States for manufactured goods, but they are draining their cash reserves. If their purchases continue, they must have solid commodities to ship in exchange. It is clear from the above figures that no financial super-market can be set up to buy and hold *all* hemisphere exports, especially when mineral products are added to agricultural. The total might run to two or three billions a year. It does not make economic sense. A straight Santa Claus solution will not work. There must be a combination of solutions.

Of all these surpluses, the most critical, according to information I obtained at Havana, are the wheat of Canada, the coffee of Brazil, the sugar of Cuba, the oil of Mexico. Something must be done about them very soon. This is where part of the $500,000,000 just granted by Congress to the Export-Import Bank can perhaps be put to effective use. Loans by this bank can act as pump-primers to a long-swing program, but they cannot take the place of such a program. If we are going to give loans, grants and concessions to our neighbors, we must receive concessions from them. Example: We might offer to help swing the Brazilian coffee crop on condition that Brazilian planters limited production to a figure which had some reasonable chance of being distributed. After all, we don't use coffee for shower baths and washing clothes, which seems to be the assumption of Brazilian planters. Every year the Brazilian government has been burning enough coffee to fill up Great Salt Lake—at a not too accurate guess.

But no conceivable amount of internal trading will clear all surpluses. That leaves us with three choices for the balance:

1. Exchange them with the Old World on a fair basis.
2. Distribute them free to needy people in this hemisphere.
3. Dump them in the sea, or burn them up.

The first choice is where the cartel idea comes in. Without a strong central trading agency, a fair exchange cannot be made. The surpluses will create a buyer's market. Sellers will lose their shirts—to say nothing of the colored shirts which will presently appear. The trading agency should begin with only a few major commodities, like wheat and coffee.

The second choice has already been recommended by the Havana Conference in the special clause I quoted earlier. Mr. Milo Perkins, of the Department of Agriculture, who has made such an amazing success of the Food Stamp Plan in the United States, is said to be working on a draft for a Hemisphere Stamp Plan. Mr. Perkins is probably the most expert dissolver of the paradox of plenty this country has ever seen. He is a Texas manufacturer who doesn't like to see people hungry while good food is going to waste.

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The third choice is a counsel of despair. It is what the hemisphere has been doing with wheat, cotton, coffee, little pigs, off and on for the last ten years. If it becomes the permanent program, it will be plain evidence that the people of the hemisphere are too stupid and lazy to plan for their own survival.

The immediate surplus problem is only one wing of the economic defense front. A long-swing program must deliberately build up purchasing power and living standards throughout the Americas. It must encourage public and private investment in new enterprises. Another important wing is the development of self-sufficiency, just in case we are cut off from Old World imports for a considerable period.

Forget money for a moment and think of the hemisphere in the physical frame of reference—268,000,000 people on two great continents. Most of the people are pretty ragged, but the continents are rich in every known natural resource. An impressive agricultural plant is in operation from Canada to Patagonia, filling granaries with unconsumed crops. On the northern continent the most impressive manufacturing plant in the world is operating on part time. The whole outfit may presently be isolated from Old World commerce.

The plan to be followed is clear to any high-school youngster. Develop the resources which the Old World has heretofore supplied. Distribute the contents of the bursting granaries and warehouses to the ragged people. In order to make the distribution as fair as possible, develop products in each section which can be exchanged for the products of other sections. Develop goods and services in Latin America which can be exchanged for the manufactured goods of the United States. If the physical basis of exchange can be intelligently worked out, there should be no great trouble about a "hemisphere dollar" to record the transfer. I heard quite a little in Havana about the possibilities of a hemisphere dollar.

Self-sufficiency and the development of internal trade often go hand in hand. Here are a few examples culled from many:

Bolivian mines can be expanded to meet all the tin requirements of the hemisphere. Bolivian tin is now refined in England, and it is difficult to conceive of a more vulnerable spot at this particular moment in history. The United States should build refineries for the tin we use. Plans are far developed for doing just this. We buy quinine from abroad. There is plenty available in Latin America. We buy rubber from abroad. It could be grown in Brazil. We import jute from India. If we used hemisphere cotton instead—it is equally good for many uses—we could consume 500,000 more bales. In Brazil grows a yam called mandioca, which makes fine mucilage. The United States has been importing $9,000,000 worth of it annually from the East Indies. The Export-Import Bank is working on a plan to transfer the mucilage industry here. We buy great quantities of wool abroad. Argentina and Uruguay can grow it. Brazil turned five million pounds of surplus coffee into plastics last year. That is better than burning it.

The National Association of Credit Men reported this month that manufacturers are turning to Latin America for manganese, for china, wood, oil substitutes in paint manufacturing, for vegetable oils and substitutes for hemp and other fibers. "Executives of large corporations here have abandoned hope of maintaining a stable line of supply from the Far East. They realize that sooner or later they must buy elsewhere and are being farsighted by making arrangements now." California business men, on a recent survey in Mexico, found twenty-seven items not now exported to the United States, for which there is a potential market. We have been importing some $50,000,000 worth of handicraft products from the Old World. A group of business and government experts has set sail for Latin America to find out how much of this can be obtained locally. They will find plenty, as those of us who have visited village markets in Mexico, Guatemala or Peru can attest. One recent study shows $400,000,000 worth of products bought outside the hemisphere, all of which are available here, including chromium, tungsten, antimony, hardwoods, fibers. As in the case of tin, capital is needed first.

The more highways and airways we can help our neighbors to build, the more tourist dollars they will have to spend, and the closer the hemisphere economy will come to balancing. The Old World may not be a healthy place in which to entertain tourists for a long time to come.

The wheels for the economic defense of the hemisphere have begun to turn. The Havana Conference gave them an additional spin. It is up to all of us to keep them spinning. A good deal of the initiative, and most of the initial financing, must come from the United States. Methods must be bold and unorthodox, on the general principle of men before money. But any plan to make Uncle Sam into a permanent Santa Claus is bound to fail. It has to be give and take, from Greenland to Cape Horn. I heard the following remark in Havana. I cannot forget it, and I hope you won't: "A Western Hemisphere which is commodity-rich and consumption-poor cannot survive. A Western Hemisphere which has the genius to make its real wealth available to all its people will be impregnable."

STUART CHASE

Lines in Place of a Metaphysical Poem

And if and possibly and if
And constantly my sentence pauses
Upon the sheer and sudden cliff
Of terribly dependent clauses.

HENRY RAGO

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Live Steel—Dead Jobs

ATOP CAMDEN HILL the "Silvery Monster" stands in majestic splendor. Coming into the nearby Pittsburgh airport air travelers see a silver-capped hill. Looking up from the Monongahela River Valley one sees the mid-afternoon sun glistening on a long row of silvery buildings. Only from the very top of Camden Hill is a full view possible. Here is the steel mill of tomorrow. The graceful line of buildings, interlaced by railroad tracks with fascinating intricacy, follows the course of the river below. There is no smoke, no refuse, no noise. The rear row of buildings seems to connect with the hill across the river, and at sundown the soft, silvery appearance of the first-steel-mill-ever-built-on-a-hill is one of tranquil beauty.

The interior of this automatic continuous strip mill, completed in 1938 by U. S. Steel at a cost of nearly fifty million dollars, is a modern wonder. It is run by electric power. In a large room to the left are rows of electrical machinery, well dusted and polished, with a couple of workers looking like Lilliputians at the central control board. The hot-strip mill is under an endless ceiling and rolls out steel at a speed of almost half-a-mile a minute. The few men on the floor are dwarfed by the huge train of mills, run by operators in overhead control booths. Rolled into coils, the steel is carried into another building like shoppers on a department-store escalator. When you have left the last of the seventeen buildings (they cover 653 acres—51 under roofs) the perfect plan of the mill, the orderly flow of the steel from one operation to another and the tender care given the almost manless machinery have left an indelible impression on your mind.

This is the Irvin Works, a great engineering success, but a social flop. The fifteen thousand displaced steel workers, particularly the eleven thousand not absorbed, call it "the Big Morgue," the place where their jobs went dead. The half-dozen prosperous communities turned into "ghost" steel towns, look upon Irvin as the "Monster" that knocked the economic props from under them. To the four thousand Irvin workers, uprooted from their devastated home towns, many of them skilled workers converted into machine tenders and button pushers, paid lower wages than on their technologically eliminated jobs, and unable to find decent rentable homes in the Monongahela Valley for their families, Irvin is a "Silvery Monster." It shall always be a reminder to the 3,000 hand-mill workers living across the river in McKeesport, who were permanently displaced October 1, 1940, of better days in the past.

Two hundred feet from the west end of Irvin is a two-roomed tarpaper shack, eighteen by fourteen feet. Bill J—— bought it for thirty dollars two years ago, and has lived in it with his family ever since. His ten-month-old baby sleeps in a buggy; four-year-old Eddie still uses his baby crib; and a small coal stove separates them from the family bed. The tiny kitchen shoots out from the rear of the shack like a coal shed built off the side of a one-car garage. Bill is not unemployed or on the WPA. He is an Irvin worker. His seven neighbors are Irvin workers. They live in one-room trailers, placed around Bill's shack in circular formation, like the overnight covered-wagon camp of a century ago. All share a lavatory, duplex style. Two miles away, near the airport, is another trailer camp of Irvin workers. Here twenty-four parents and twenty children live in twelve rooms.

Along the main highways, not far from the Irvin Works, one and two-room overnight tourist cabins are rented by Irvin workers on a full-time basis. Families are packed into these cabins. At one camp twenty-five people live in four one-room cabins and one two-room cabin. There are expectant mothers in three families.

Many Irvin workers have left their families back in the ghost steel towns. They board out during the working week and visit their families on off days. There is a month's waiting list at the McKeesport YMCA, where sixty Irvin workers room. The Richards Hotel in Dravosburg is filled with thirty-five Irvin men, Granger Hotel with a dozen, a saloon-hotel puts up ten, and families in towns surrounding Irvin have had to take in boarders. Still others, who cannot or do not desire to get such accommodations, travel back and forth to Irvin, in some cases a total distance of a hundred miles a day.

The remainder of Irvin's workers, distinctly a minority, have found houses within commuting distance, many of which, however, are substandard, while still others rent for sums beyond the means of their new occupants. Before Irvin was completed a national housing expert told U. S. Steel officials:

> The Monongahela Valley as a whole presents a serious housing shortage before adding the strain of the Irvin Plant. . . . There are approximately 30,000 dwellings in the ten communities [surrounding Irvin] with few or no vacancies, but with serious overcrowding; 5,000 [of these] dwellings now occupied are hardly fit for occupancy; there is at present a shortage of approximately 10,000 dwellings in the Valley, placing the minimum requirements for the Irvin Plant at 2,000 . . . an acute, if not well-nigh disastrous, housing situation.

The "Silvery Monster" is in the wilderness, three miles from the closest town, without any community facilities to serve its working force. A private contracting firm built Colonial Village, three hundred single five and six-room houses, four miles from Irvin, for

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• • •

"... We must have an active foreign policy, a dynamic world strategy in peace no less than in war. Isolated America becomes encircled America ..."

• • •

"... The world beyond German victory is a world whose blueprints are ready, including the blueprints for Hitler's United States ... The choice is do we resist or do we accept Germany as the master World Power ..."

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"... The American people must understand that time is not on our side ..."

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• • •

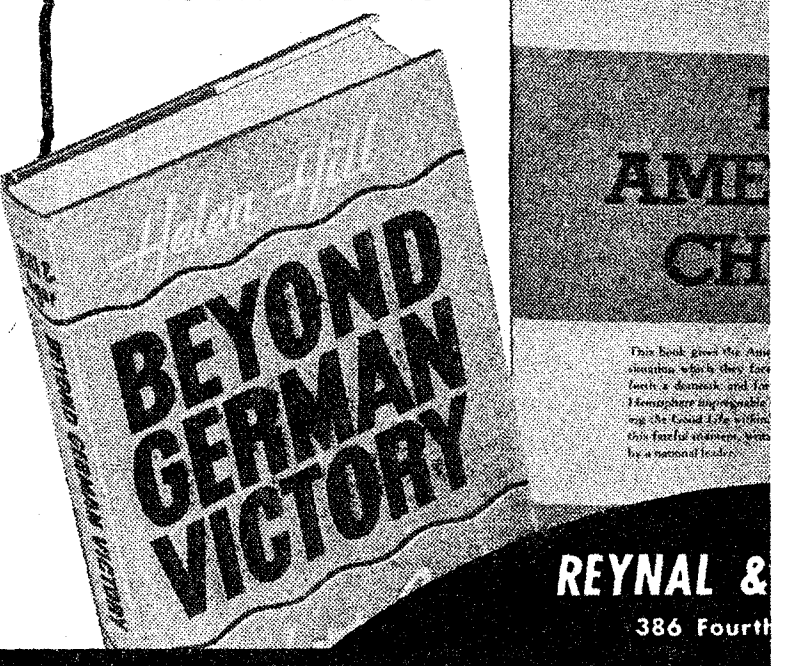
"... In the United States as well as in the other Americas find many businessmen who for temporary personal gain strong for economic appeasement between the Americas and German-controlled Europe. I want to make plain here my co

BEYOND GERMAN VICTORY

By Helen Hill and Herbert Agar

THE AMERI

A FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC POLICY FOR AMERICA NOW



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THE BOTTLENECKS OF BUSINESS
By Thurman W. Arnold

THEY WANTED W
By Otto D. Tolisch

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plete belief that if such business men are permitted to pursue their old game, they will lay us open to enslavement..."

• • •

"...If the Americas present to the axis powers the same divided front as England, France and the little democracies of Europe we shall assuredly walk the same path of destruction and lost freedom..."

• • •

"...There can be no doubt that the Germans look on this hemisphere as their eventual happy hunting grounds..."

• • •

"...Our soil, our crops, our trees, and our grass can be made to feed the bodies and souls of our children's children. We can have both security and beauty in our countrysides. We have made a start, but it is only a start..."

• • •

"...There can be no doubt that we face just such danger. If we do not quickly come to think and to act in terms of a unified longtime allegiance to democratic designs, both internally and in concert with our hemispheric neighbors, then the post-war German commercial *putsch* upon us, even now developing, can penetrate every seam and point of division and rip us wide upon..."

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From "SUICIDE OF A DEMOCRACY"—

"...These confused Frenchmen who failed to understand the reasons for the events in Europe were the first to suffer complete psychic collapse in the spring of 1940. They gave up their cause as lost before it was actually lost... victims to a propaganda machine that had done its work so well and so quietly that they had not even become aware of its existence. They were the passive members of the Fifth Column..."

• • •

"...With Pétain, who was a mere pawn on Laval's chessboard, in the Cabinet, the capitulators had almost reached their goal. It is not the fact of surrender that constitutes the crime of these men, but their motives and purposes..."

• • •

"...The tragedy of our time consists in the fact that the democracies offered their enemies the opportunity to learn from mistakes and to turn against democracy the very things democracy itself should have done..."

• • •

"...Those who witnessed the birth and development of Nazism, and so the weakness and the end of democracy in Germany, have developed an especially keen eye for certain things. Today this vision makes it possible for us to analyze and explain many events from a fresher viewpoint and a greater experience than those who are so intimately tied to their country by emotional bonds..."

• • •

"In so far as there is any higher sense in history, France had to pay for its own sins... Long before the war democracy had become an empty phrase used to cloak incompetence, carelessness, lack of energy, ill-will, and treason."

• • •

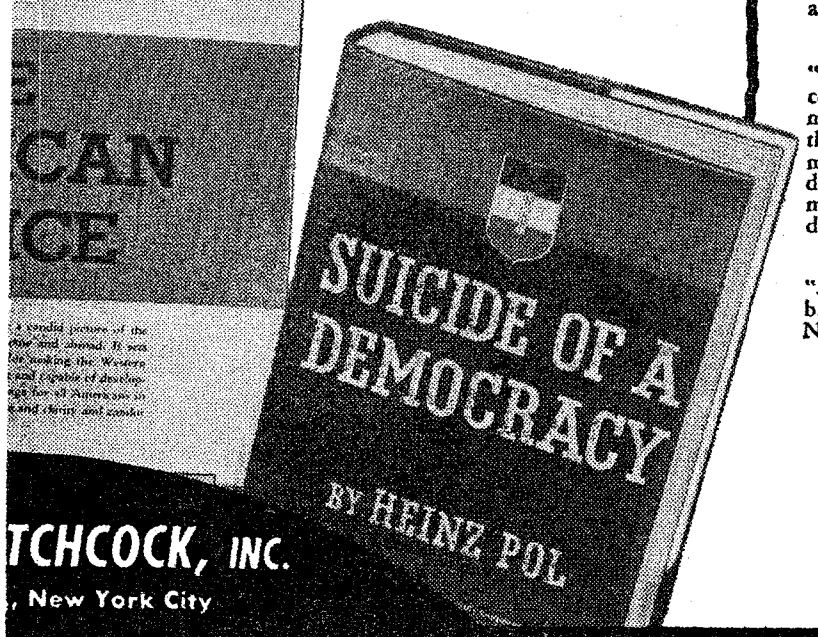
"In the final reckoning, events in France proceeded no differently than they did in Germany; Fascism is the consequence of the failure of democracy."

• • •

"Even in 1937 the concept of democracy was merely a shingle hung out at the door of France; there were Frenchmen of tremendous influence who were willing to destroy their own country for the sake of personal interest or for the love of the overlords of Berlin and Rome."

:AN CHOICE

by Henry A. Wallace



TCHCOCK, INC.
, New York City

SUICIDE OF A DEMOCRACY

by Heinz Pol

GERMAN ECONOMY 1870-1940
By Gustav Stolper

MEIN KAMPF
By Adolf Hitler

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its workers. The underlying principle of this project is home ownership. It has been a dismal failure. A year after all three hundred houses had been completed, more than 50 percent were still empty.

With the disastrous home-owning experience of their friends and relatives still fresh in their minds, Irvin workers do not want to buy a house. The way some Irvin workers have taken to trailers—homes that can be moved anywhere at a moment's notice—is symbolic of the insecurity they feel working in a plant that daily impresses them with how unimportant steel workers are now as compared to just a few years back. All this soon became evident to the promoters of Colonial Village. Down payments have been slashed from $500 and $700 to $200 and $250. A majority of the houses, however, are still "For Sale," and of the 140 sold by January, 1940, only 35 went to Irvin workers. And the unsold houses are now "For Rent."

With the failure of private building clearly demonstrated, public low-cost housing is the only answer to the acute housing shortage in the Monongahela Valley, as evidenced by U. S. Steel's action in renouncing "company-town housing," which, in so many places, developed into slums overnight. This acute housing situation is typical of industrial towns and districts throughout the country. Most of the funds of the United States Housing Authority have gone to clean up slums in metropolitan areas, to the neglect of equally bad slums in industrial districts. Only 536 public low-cost dwellings have been approved in the Monongahela Valley. This leaves 95 percent of the Valley's housing shortage unfilled, and the present funds of the United States Housing Authority are exhausted.

The additional funds now being sought from Congress are sorely needed in overcrowded and slum-ridden industrial towns, as the plight of the Irvin workers tragically reveals. Thus while Irvin workers are awaiting congressional action to provide them with rentable homes, each piece of machinery under the silvery roofs of Irwin, down to the smallest ball bearing, receives excellent care and must be saying, "Thank God, I'm not a human being!"

HAROLD J. and STANLEY RUTTENBERG

Will the Metropolitan Wake Up?

IS THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM AWAKENING? Is this largest of American art museums, like Rip Van Winkle, beginning to realize that a whole generation has passed it by? It has just installed a new director, Francis Henry Taylor, a man only thirty-seven years of age who, in his ten years at Worcester, proved himself to be a forceful and businesslike executive with a definite attachment to the idea of making the museum a fulfilment of the community. Something has jarred this old institution into wakefulness.

Was it the late winter show of Italian Masterpieces at the Museum of Modern Art? A show of that kind, even considering its deficiencies and the excessive costs involved, might well have gone to the Metropolitan. Maybe the resultant dissatisfaction made it stir again. Or possibly it was increasing alarm at the virtually static attendance in the main Central Park building for the last ten years. Or again the fact that no really impressive bequest has come to the museum since the Friedsam legacy in 1932. In any case, the alarm-bells were ringing. Even the trustees must have begun to hear them.

Yet actually the Metropolitan should still have been vigorous. It was not incorporated until 1870, and not opened until 1872. It did not move into the first building on its present site in Central Park, until March 20, 1880. Its first great bequest—$5,000,000 from Jacob S. Rogers—dates only from 1905. Its resources are abundant. It has, according to a recent account by Mr. Geoffrey S. Hellman, "received approximately $75,000,000 in gifts, bequests, municipal allotments, admission fees and membership dues." It houses an unestimated treasure in works which have been contributed outright. It sends expeditions into Egypt. It can command, if it wishes, loans from any part of the world. And yet it has lagged in the evolution of policies to dispose of these resources. Acquisition funds mounted enormously, but maintenance costs —if we are to judge from the annual reports—were considered as an afterthought. Little consideration was given to the needs of the staff. The administrators were insufficient in number, and their salaries did not correspond to their responsibilities. The potentially most powerful museum in the New World had been immobilized by the sleep of its trustees.

Now, as they awaken, what do they see? Certainly not the peaceful world of the early 1900's. Now there are vigorous rivals on every side. The younger and more resilient Art Institute of Chicago has completely outstripped the Metropolitan in its collections of Post-Impressionist painting. The Institute has, in fact, been consistently open-minded toward modern art ever since it brought on the Armory Show from New York, in 1913. In consequence, it has stimulated the younger people and been rewarded with a flourishing attendance. A dozen years ago the Museum of Modern Art did not exist; today it has a worldwide reputation. Even some of the smaller museums can better the Metropolitan's record. At the Rhode Island School of Design a single man, the late Earle Rowe, with limited

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funds and insufficient space, built up within twenty-four years (1913-37) a museum which, for completeness and soundness, has no rival of its size in the country. Buffalo has pioneered in exhibitions of photography, Cleveland has shown itself more receptive to modern trends, Philadelphia more provocative in its shows of the French, Brooklyn more adventurous in Central American and Modern Art, Boston more authoritative in the Oriental and medieval fields. Meanwhile, the art audience has changed. Interest has been aroused largely through the nationwide encouragement of the federal arts projects, but also because of an increase in public maturity as well. But it has all passed by the doors of the Metropolitan.

Even as a defender of traditional values it cannot congratulate itself. In 1915 Willard Huntington Wright pointed out that, of twenty great painters of the world, the Metropolitan had an altogether inadequate representation—though in those of the second line it was better. He suggested a more effective policy of purchase, whereby the Museum would concentrate on acknowledged masters, acquire only examples of the first importance and avoid any attempt at complete historical sequences. Thirteen years later, Walter Gutman, a younger critic, could list comparable acquisitions of traditional masters by the National Gallery in London, and show that in the twenty-five-year period since 1904 the Metropolitan had consistently fallen behind. True, the American institution had corrected some of the deficiencies enumerated by Mr. Wright, but not sufficiently so in proportion to its funds. Today, if certain *lacunae* no longer exist, this is due in large part to such far-sighted and generous donors as Mrs. Havemeyer rather than to any persistent wisdom on the part of the museum.

What accounts for this long slumber? Primarily, the Metropolitan's antiquated trustee system. This was copied from the National Gallery in London, but with a difference. Where the English had a compact group of well known connoisseurs and collectors, its American counterpart enlarged the board and included in it men of affairs whose only distinction was in the field of industry or finance. Some of them did know about pictures—J. P. Morgan, George Blumenthal, Myron Taylor, S. H. Kress, to name some of the more conspicuous ones—but too often the men selected as trustees were new to the field of art. How, then, were they qualified to pass on new acquisitions?

The trustee system would not have mattered so much if the museum's purchasing policy had been different. But it was—and is—tangled in bolts of red tape. First the curator makes a recommendation, then the director passes on it, finally a purchasing committee of ten authorizes the expenditure. How can a clear and unified taste emerge from that process? Worse still, the trustees may decide on purchases without even obtaining a recommendation from the curator. Is it any wonder then, that $90,000 was expended on a Sargent, that Meissonier's battle illustrations were acquired in unjustifiable numbers, that twenty-eight Cézanne water-colors were turned down in 1911 at the incredibly low figure of $5,600?

Such a policy can only breed timidity in the curators. Roger Fry could not tolerate it, and left in 1907. His future successor, Bryson Burroughs (then "acting curator"), while in Paris that summer ventured to purchase Renoir's "Madame Charpentier" on his own initiative and almost lost his job as a result. The effect on his later policies can be imagined. Indeed, it is not a practice of the museum to permit its curators—acting or permanent—to bid at auctions. How, then, can they function if an opportunity suddenly offers itself? Who can say what Mr. Burroughs might not have done had he been allowed to use his own judgment? It is not likely, however, that the trustees will be disturbed by the present curator of paintings, Mr. Harry B. Wehle. Judging from his introduction to Craven's "Treasury of Art Masterpieces," he is dedicated only to that which safely stems from the past.

Yet it should be remembered that as curator of paintings he must supervise the entire field. There is an insufficient staff at the Metropolitan. Mr. Wehle must be expert in medieval painting, in Renaissance works, in the Dutch of the seventeenth century, in the Baroque, in all periods since. This only typifies the lack of fundamental thought as to both the structure and the function of a museum. Sculpture, for example, is a poor relation. It possesses no such status as the Decorative Arts, for the latter have a flourishing department of their own. Again, old armor is handsomely established, but a magnificent Maillol is put where few will see it, and the Rodin corridor no longer exists. And as for the public—Art is kept at a distance and one is expected to approach on tiptoe, with reverence.

The trustees are to be commended, then, for their appointment of a vigorous young director. But how are we to be sure that Rip Van Winkle will not drop off to sleep for another generation? The first guarantee would be for the trustees to follow through by giving Mr. Taylor an authority commensurate with his position. This might be done by completely separating the financial from the administrative functions of the museum. A second guarantee would be to eliminate all red tape in the purchasing policies. Why not let new acquisitions be made solely on the authority of the director and his curators? Finally, the maintenance and salary funds should be increased. This would permit a larger and better-paid staff and an adequate number of curators, who should have greater autonomy.

Will the trustees make these needed amendments? If they do, Mr. Taylor should be able to reawaken America's largest museum and keep it awake.

JEROME MELLQUIST

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Washington Notes

Far Eastern Strategy

CERTAIN SUPPOSED FACTS, on which the administration's Japanese policy has been based, are worth re-examining. One is that Japan is vulnerable to economic sanctions. This seems to be quite clearly so. Japan needs to buy overseas many raw materials and manufactured products, and, because of England's blockade of continental Europe, her possible sources of supply are strictly limited. If the countries of the British Empire and Pan America were to join with us in embargoing exports to Japan, the latter would be isolated.

It is not assumed in Washington, however, that Japan would submit to economic strangulation. With the imposition of sanctions, Japan might be tempted to try to seize the Philippines and the Dutch East Indies. Accordingly, the second premise is that the American and British fleets, coöperatively based on Singapore, could stand the Japanese off. This brings us to a great many "ifs" and "buts."

The exact character of the understanding that we now have with England is much the most closely guarded secret in Washington. That far-reaching conversations have taken place between Mr. Roosevelt and Lord Lothian is certain. Many observers think that they have included Singapore. It must be remembered, too, that Admiral Ghormley, one of the highest ranking officers of our navy, has been in London, in day-to-day consultation with the British Admiralty. Presumably he has been chiefly concerned with the swap of destroyers for Atlantic bases. But it seems unlikely that he and his British colleagues have not also discussed Singapore.

So far, so good. But, if an arrangement for the use of Singapore has in fact been made, just what ships are to operate from it? England cannot reinforce her present Far Eastern squadron. Some naval experts think that we could safely afford to send half of our main battle fleet to Singapore. They think that six or seven American battleships, with the appropriate auxiliary vessels, could defeat any force that Japan could send against the Philippines or the East Indies. And they think that the remainder of our fleet could easily hold Hawaii.

All this may be true, but what would Congress and the voters say? With Hitler threatening us in the Atlantic, and —more concretely—threatening South America from the French Vichy government's Dakar, and with the West Coast's hereditary jitters about the Yellow Peril, would the American people permit our main fleet to be divided and half of it sent seven thousand miles away?

Bound up with these questions is the problem of whether Singapore will continue to be safe if the Japanese are permitted to absorb Indo-China and Thailand, *née* Siam. It is a geographical fact that Indo-China and Thailand constitute four-fifths of the Malay Peninsula. Theoretically, if Japan holds Thailand, she will have the same opportunity of attacking Singapore from its landward side that Germany, if she moves into Spain, will have of attacking Gibraltar. Experts say that the cases are not altogether parallel. Singapore is protected by nearly impenetrable swamps and jungle, while the Germans have hard-surfaced roads to Gibraltar's very gates. Then, too, the experts are inordinately contemptuous of Japan's air force, and dismiss the possibility of Japanese bombing raids from Thailand as unimportant.

We are going to need to do some concentrated thinking about the Far East in the immediate future. Administration officials here expect trouble in Shanghai at any moment. They fear that our troops there, and the American colony, will be offered the same indignities—stripping, slappings, beatings—that the English had to suffer at Tientsin a year ago. If we should withdraw the Shanghai regiment, and evacuate American nationals, Japan's next probable step would be to invest Hongkong. After that, she might possibly threaten both the Philippines and the Dutch East Indies.

Until about two months ago, the majority of State Department officials have figuratively held their noses when duty compelled them to talk with the representatives of Soviet Russia. Last spring, United States army officers seized a huge quantity of machine tools that the Russians had bought and paid for, declaring that they were needed for our own defense preparations. The Russian ambassador, Mr. Oumansky, pleaded, cajoled, came close to tears, in his anxiety to have the machine tools returned. Principally because the State Department felt that it ought not to be on bad terms with Russia and Japan simultaneously, about half the Russian purchases were grudgingly released.

Recently, when its advices finally convinced it that Japan's adherence to the Axis was inevitable, the State Department decided on a rapprochement with the USSR. Henceforth the United States and Russia, the two great bulwarks against Japanese aggression, were to work in harmony. Under-Secretary Welles sent for Mr. Oumansky for an affable little preliminary talk. According to report, Mr. Oumansky, sensing his sudden importance in the American scheme of things, brusquely demanded the remaining half of his machine tools. When they were not instantly forthcoming, he sought his hat from the Department usher and departed.

The labor policy of the National Defense Advisory Commission—a brilliant monument to the skill and persistence of Mr. Sidney Hillman—is soon to become an instrument for action. By that policy, defense contracts are to be withheld from corporations violating federal or state labor legislation, and particularly the Wagner Act. The question immediately arose, however, of whether a finding by the National Labor Relations Board that a corporation had refused to bargain collectively was sufficient to put it on the NDAC's black list, or whether the NDAC was bound to wait until the NLRB's decision had been upheld by the federal courts. The Attorney General has decided that a ruling by the NLRB is sufficient.

The first repercussion ought to be in the Bethlehem

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Steel dispute; it ought to mean that that open-shop citadel will at last be taken. Bethlehem will have to recognize, and bargain with, the SWOC, or withdraw from future government business. Among labor's friends, it is predicted that the NDAC's labor policy gives unionism a stronger, more certain weapon than even the Wagner Act.

T. R. B.

Washington

Other People's Money

Fascists at Home

TWO YEARS AGO—December 15, 1938—we gathered in the Great Hall of City College to commemorate the one hundred and forty-seventh anniversary of the adoption of the Constitution of the United States. The students of City College chose to mark that day by draping with mourning purple the flags of the Universities of Heidelberg and Berlin which, with the flags of other great seats of learning, hang around the arches of the Hall. The light of the free mind had gone out in those unhappy academies and the young students of City College—passionately devoted to freedom as they are—sent to their young brothers across the sea a message of comfort and hope. Now, if they still hold to that same love of the free mind, they will meet again for the melancholy purpose of draping the flag of Columbia University.

On that occasion one of the speakers said in substance, as I recall it, that the moment you begin to hunt down ideas you turn the clock back upon what our fathers did a hundred and forty-seven years before. The moment you prohibit a fascist from discussing his ideas, wrong-headed though he be, in that fatal moment fascism has won its first victory over you. But Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, who for a couple of decades at least has been masquerading as a liberal, is not prohibiting merely the discussion of fascist ideas. He is telling American teachers in Columbia that they must agree with him on what is the wise course for America in the present world crisis or get the hell out of Columbia.

A fifth-columnist is an American who cherishes the democracy of his own land and wants to protect it and who does not want to see our young men herded into forced labor corps or sent to defend the democracy of Dong Dang. A British ambassador, who is the head of the greatest fifth column in the world—the Rhodes Scholarship organization—can intrigue to draw our young men into a European war and no word is uttered against it. An American professor cannot unbutton his lips against this without feeling the boot of the Great Liberal on Morningside Heights.

No one hates the abominable and degrading philosophy of Adolf Hitler and his fascist gangsters more than I do. And it is for that reason that I deplore the introduction of the fascist technique, of all places, in the halls of an American university. A day will come surely when American teachers will blush at the memory of this latest blast from the president of Columbia University. At least I trust so. But—it may be "later than we think."

I have been about the country a little. And I have been greatly edified at the splendid activity among civic groups wherever I have been, to offer their communities to the government as sites for defense factories and locations for government war expenditures. The most commendable spirit infects all industrial and community groups to have their share in the great work—and of course their share of it. Even the bankers feel that the government should let them finance the construction of defense plants.

Certainly they have ample resources for financing defense construction. The Manufacturers' Trust Company, I observe, has deposits of $856,000,000 and $650,000,000 of it in cash and government bonds. The great bank of J. P. Morgan and Company has $664,000,000 in deposits and $650,000,000 of it in government bonds or cash. The National City Bank has $2,740,000,000. But it has $1,285,000,000, or nearly half of it, in cash. Over $2,100,000,000 of its resources are in cash or government bonds. The story is much the same in all banks. There is plenty of private money to finance these adventures in national defense. Then why do they not do it? Because the private lenders will want guarantees and terms which are literally impossible to the builders of national-defense plants. The risks involved in these investments are such that in all likelihood no one but the government will undertake to finance them.

The bankers offer a strange argument for private financing. If the government lends the money the government itself will have to borrow and this will add to the national debt. But if the bankers lend it, it will add to our private-debt structure and prevent the national debt from rising.

But suppose the bankers lend the money. The borrowers will proceed to build plants to produce defense equipment. And they will expect to be paid a sum which will cover the cost of production plus a profit. And the cost of the plant is an essential part of the cost of production. And most of the producers are insistent on having a price which will enable them to amortize plant costs during the life of the present defense program. This means that whoever furnishes the money for the initial construction, the federal government will have to supply the money in the end to amortize it. So that the federal government will either now or a little later have to borrow in any case. Thus if financing is undertaken by private individuals now, there will have to be a second financing later to pay them out.

Of course I would rather see private individuals do the financing because I would rather see private debt rise than public debt, and I would rather see private individuals lose the money than the public—not because I have any ill will toward them, but because for economic reasons it would be better. But the reasons offered by the bankers' committee which uttered this bleat about private financing seemed to me a little silly. Furthermore the bankers' committee really means that the bankers will take all the gilt-edged risks—if there are any in the present business—and leave the spongy ones to good old Uncle Sam.

JOHN T. FLYNN

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Broadway in Revue

Boys and Girls Together, the talk by Ed Wynn and Pat C. Flick, lyrics by Jack Yellen and Irving Kahal, music by Sammy Fain. Broadhurst Theatre, October 1, 1940.

MR. JOHN MASON BROWN's new book,[1] appearing at the same time with Mr. Ed Wynn and his show, has all the advantage in brilliance, variety, point, of course —not to speak of the critical acumen of such pieces as those on the Sherwood "Lincoln in Illinois," for example, or "The Man Who Came to Dinner" or, especially, the critical discussions of the Saroyan plays.

Mr. Brown speaks of the chasm that separates the comedy of good manners from the wisecracking comedy of bad manners which in recent years has represented so superlative a flowering of American wit and humor; of the boisterous lack of mercy in American wisecracks; their comic-strip hurly-burly; their lack of inhibitions; their practice of bludgeoning inferiors rather than conversing with equals; but all of it done, nevertheless, "with such zestful invention that they turn what conversationally amounts to a mass murder into a joyous American holiday."

In his discussion of Miss Cornell's venture into comedy last year—with Mr. Behrman's play of the actress and her author husband—Mr. Brown speaks with great discernment of her heightening that joyous good nature which has lurked charmingly beneath the surface of her Candida, the Juliet of the earlier scenes, and the young Joan. He speaks, too, of comedy in general, of the elaborate study behind the very spontaneity in comedy, that child of planning, and product of foresight—and of all those hidden artifices that are among its guarantees and delights.

All that sound doctrine and happy phrase are characteristic of the book. And these comments in particular bear somehow very opportunely on the new revue with which Mr. Wynn brings himself back to Broadway and us to him again.

For spirit, sting and abundance, for any ambition of serving as chronicler of the times, or for stage invention generally, "Boys and Girls Together" is not of the same class as "Hooray for What." This applies to the whole things—speeches, songs, satires, dances and Americana. Most of all it applies to that dazzling garment of décor and that original and bold approach in directing that Mr. Vincente Minelli's remarkable gifts brought to the latter revue. And in this new show there are few allusions to anything in our world of today—two or three harmless touches about the Republican Party and a few topical tidbits. Mr. Oden Waller's settings lack all the Minelli quality conceivable, though they are expert and not unpleasant.

I have thought that perhaps it is the moment just now —our distraught world with all the questions, the prejudices, catchwords, sore spots, propaganda, et cetera et cetera—that makes a theatre showman like Mr. Wynn pause before alluding to anything. People who choose to do so may think that point over. Meanwhile Mr. Wynn's art has perfected itself into a very fine relaxation and wisdom, very lovable, watchful, warm and highly expert. The very last few moments of the revue drop somewhat; more invention is needed. But anybody ought to love and enjoy the whole evening, and be grateful these days for this happy, loving nonsense.

STARK YOUNG

[1] Broadway in Review, Norton, $2.75.

On the Records

BEETHOVEN's Sextet in E Flat for Two Horns and Strings, and the Mozart Divertimento Number 11 in D (K-251) are only two works in a large body of musical literature which is seldom heard but often played. Performances are generally off-the-record and are restricted to the smoke-filled room of someone's apartment where a few musicians drift in for an evening's practice—the floor gradually filling up with chairs, rickety music stands, ash trays, empty beer bottles, and sheet music with the well known Breitkopf and Härtel scrolls and cupids on the cover. The players may read through four or five pieces in an evening —each occupied with his own part and not too interested in the effect of the ensemble. Generally there is little effort to round off the corners and smooth over the seams.

Recordings of these two pieces recently made for Royale by Henry Nosco and the Royale Chamber Orchestra (4 sides; $4) sound suspiciously like one of these casual practice performances. Most of the players belong to the NBC Orchestra and know their business, so there is some good individual playing but little in the way of finish and balance. The Mozart contains some charming music, but with the exception of the slow movement, the Beethoven Sextet is not much more than an almost technically impossible workout for two horns with a string background. It is not played very well, but there will be some amateurs who will take malicious pleasure in hearing their own mistakes vindicated by the NBC professionals corraled for this performance.

For those who play violin, viola, cello, piano, or who sing, Columbia gets out a special series of Add-A-Part records in which all voices but the one you yourself supply are recorded. Sheet music is included. At the beginning of each set the "A" is sounded, the tempo rapped sharply, and off they go—with or without you. It is a little uncanny, but intriguing. A good deal of the chamber music of Mozart, Beethoven, Brahms, Schubert, Schumann, Bach and Haydn has already been recorded in this manner, with the recorded parts competently supplied by the Rothschild Quartet. One thing must be remembered—if you wish to supply a piano part and your instrument is not exactly tuned to the other instruments, the results will not be happy. Owing to the special nature of these records, they will not be reviewed in this column as a regular thing.

Symphony in G Major Number 92 ("Oxford"), by Haydn. Bruno Walter and the Paris Conservatory Orchestra (Victor M-682, 6 sides; $3.50). Haydn turned out a great deal of hackwork in his day—pleasing, clever and superficial. But there were times when he sat down and wrote something that any composer could have been proud of. The London Symphony recently recorded for Columbia by Beecham and mentioned in this column was one of these. This particular Oxford Symphony is another. It is perfectly molded, melodic and superbly orchestrated down to the last note, the natural brightness of its key tinged

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somewhat by a recurrent strain of gentle sadness. Here it is beautifully performed and recorded—a little gem of sound.

Andante and Rondo from the Trumpet Concerto, by Haydn. George Eksdale, trumpet, accompanied by a symphony orchestra conducted by Walter Goehr (Columbia 70106-D, 2 sides; $1). Eksdale's tone is as clear as a bell; his style more rigid than flexible. The piece itself is distinctly one of Haydn's lesser efforts.

STANLEY FERGUSON

The Bandwagon

Mme. Patine was judged the best-dressed woman by Parisian dressmakers. Beauty, she believes, comes from only one source—happiness. Although it has been rumored that she spends fabulous sums on her clothes, she actually never spends more than $10,000 a year. – *UP dispatch from The San Francisco News.*

The country correspondent of a near-by Arkansas town reports that a defeated candidate for sheriff—who polled sixty-six votes—now carries on with a gun strapped to each hip.

"It just isn't safe," the ex-candidate explains, "for a man like me, with no more friends than that, to be running around without some sort of protection." – *AP dispatch from Memphis to The New York Times.*

The Race Is to the Swift

Beyond is Europe and hell. Men and women are dying over there—and being born.

The tide turns and creeps in on tiptoe. It begins filling in the holes clam diggers have made. The moon comes up out of the sea, and I know that after Europe and hell the Cosmic Tide in Space will smooth the shores of Time for other and perhaps better clam diggers. – *From J. Otis Swift's column in The New York World-Telegram.*

The Man Is Mad!

Another patient was a stock broker, a leading figure in his community, who did not get along with his wife and who had with the housemaid, which worried him. – *Report of proceedings at the annual meeting of the American Psychological Association, in The New York Times.*

Oh-What-a-Tangled-Web Department

Soviet censorship is, in an absolute sense, a measure for defense as well as for the dissemination of truth. It is a censorship against lies. Capitalist censorship is a censorship against truth. – *From Sender Garlin's column in The Daily Worker.*

Cal Coolidge Rides Again

The King saw the twisted girders of a large warehouse which had been gutted by fire and a block of houses jarred three feet out of line by a bomb explosion but still standing. "There must be steel girders in those houses," he commented. – *UP dispatch from London to The New York Herald Tribune.*

Don't Give the Bride Away

The bride's mother, Mrs. Richard Sutton Bull, gave a small deception in her Winnetka home after the ceremony. – *From The Chicago Tribune.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column; $1 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping.– THE EDITORS

Correspondence

England's Fighting Strength

SIR: The enclosed letter might be of interest to your readers. It was not written for publication, but I am sure that the writer would not object to its being published.

Pasadena, Calif. UPTON SINCLAIR

[ENCLOSURE]

The truth of the matter is that this unchanging land is changing more rapidly and in a better way than anything I could have imagined. England, I have always felt, was like the woman, the dog and the walnut tree—the more you try beating her, the better she is! A powerful lazy country who has put imagination which should have been used on human beings, into gardens; and the emotional power which should have spread human relationships, into love of dogs and other animals; and the tremendous fighting strength she possesses into sport. Now Hitler has done us a great service. He has given us something with the cunning of a fox and the wings of a bird as an object of prey. I think it is a mistake which may prove his doom. I can tell you that a miracle is going on all around us. First, our children will really become citizens of the world and are penetrating into new homes, and opening wide our narrow island hearts; second, our soldiers are being treated like equals, though in many cases they are our superiors—still, what a step this is! They are billeted on many people and even where this does not take place, everyone invites them to come from the nearest camp to friendly canteens and entertainments, and allows them the run of their bathrooms on Saturday night. People in air-raid shelters cannot fail to become friends and talk to each other like one family. The unbending all round is quite unconscious and all the more thorough for being unconscious.

Churchill is using to the full, and in the right direction, his magnificent talents and England has accepted him wholeheartedly. There is still a certain amount of dead wood from the old regime in every government office. There are still—as in your own country—Nazi-proclivity people who, if they were pinched enough, might go back with treachery to their old league with evil, but the proportion steadily dwindles. In my belief, the fact of Churchill's friendship with Bevin is one of our strongest planks in the war. The healthy section in the Conservative Party is having its eyes opened to the right aims of English people, and the unhealthy section is gradually being squeezed out.

This is the political situation as it is at present; if there should be a very severe catastrophe, the weak link might snap again; if, on the other hand, we get America as a democratic ally so as to strengthen the best forces in us, I should have no anxiety about our spiritual future. PHYLLIS BOTTOME

Thymeland, Bude, North Cornwall, England

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Questionnaire

SIR: What has become of The New Republic's reiterated conviction that we should not become involved in this war without (1) deciding rather specifically what measures will be essential to a civilized peace; (2) insisting upon *guarantees* that our wishes will be respected? Last winter and spring, Soule and others were writing ably to this purpose.

But now we are told (without much convincing evidence and against much expert opinion) that Hitler is likely to get the English navy and attack us within a year; that England is fighting our war; that conscription is necessary. The implication is that we must pull England's chestnuts out of the fire immediately and by all measures short of actually fighting. Just how will this course avoid our tragic blunders of the last war?

Can't we have more discussion of the *terms* under which we should help England? Should we make her sign on the dotted line? What sort of conditions should be over the dotted line? What "or else" clauses will prevent her later treating the agreement as a scrap of paper as she did the promise to India before the last war? Or should we help her only on Streit's condition of Union Now? At this moment we have unprecedented bargaining power with Britain. Let us not forget to use it for a just peace or the nearest approach to such a peace. Can't The New Republic help us keep our eye on the ball?

Flemington, N. J. GERALD BARNES

Nails for a Coffin

SIR: How can one detect the native-born fifth column? And how can one deal with it? May I offer a suggestion?

The columnists in question usually follow this procedure: (1) They begin by complaining of their servants, how incompetent they are, these dreadful Maine, etc., etc., peasants. This leads naturally to (2) Democracy is an utter failure; which leads to the further statement, (3) We are the people.

Begin by nailing them at the first proposition. You will have no difficulty in pointing out that their servants are better than they are; and all the rest will follow in course.

Westport, Conn. VAN WYCK BROOKS

He Says Uncle

SIR: *Re* the "O.K. Milt" letter to the editor, September 30: There could be only one feller who shot that bull moose in the elevator, and later died of old age when he was pushed from a seventeenth floor. One and only; and I knew him well. I will vouch for his being a remarkable man, and his teeth's being paid for. Facts.

Granddaddy Lampell's "one word censored" was Charles.

But who in hell is this screwball offspring? Tell him to go away and let me celebrate my 182nd birthday in peace.

Wichita, Kan. UNCLE YEHOODIE CURRY

Is Wall Street the Doghouse?

SIR: In its leading editorial of September 7, The New York Herald Tribune raises a question far more fundamental than whether or not Wendell Willkie has ever had any connection with Wall Street: namely, why is the country at large so antagonistic to the New York financial community?

By stating that Willkie "has never had any connection with Wall Street" and "has never shown either admiration or respect for its wishes," The Tribune demonstrates conclusively that the feeling of the rest of the country is so bitter toward the New York financial district that any presidential candidate who has ever been associated with it in any way is disqualified for office. Such a proclamation from America's leading Republican newspaper, itself located in New York, is significant.

Does the direction of a major part of the nation's large banks, insurance companies, underwriting houses, railroads, utilities and industrials by a carefully selected group in New York make inevitable a deep rift between the small section which represents this economic dominance and the rest of the country which represents most of the population?

Cleveland, O. CYRUS S. EATON

From The New Republic Mail Bag

John T. Flynn's fan mail might give an idea to one of these persons who buys a few gross of buttons wholesale and sets up in business as the organizer of a Nelson Eddy Club; but one of Flynn's set admirers comes through with a mild protest: Fred Elder, of Hollywood. "As it is Roosevelt v. Willkie and not Roosevelt v. Perfection in November, may I request Mr. Flynn to state plainly, about the third October issue of The New Republic, which candidate he is personally going to vote for and why?" Wadsworth Mulrooney meanwhile offers his 97 to 3 odds that John T. Flynn will either be too mad to vote or it will be strictly a write-in proposition. . . . William Estabrook, Chancellor of Xavier University, writes from Zanesville, Ohio, to chuckle at the "leave of absence" given the editors of The Chattanooga Times when the publisher plumped for Willkie. The item was featured in our Bandwagon last week, but Dr. Estabrook read it in The Cleveland Plain Dealer, the irony of this being that The Plain Dealer itself has had a change of ownership, "going to Republicans, and now with much the same editorial staff, for the first time in sixty years endorses a Republican candidate." It's a smart child that knows its own sugar-daddy.

"F. C." writes us saying she feels free to write because she is now living in Phoenix, Arizona, as a pensioned teacher from Detroit. In Phoenix, she says, Willkie had no trouble getting the high-school stadium to set up his soap-box in (September 18). But when Norman Thomas came along, Superintendent E. W. Montgomery and his Board of Education said no dice. Thomas was subversive, they said. He had to speak in a public park. "F. C." hears that the textbooks of Rugg and Beard have been removed from the school shelves out there. Anybody else have anything on this educator E. W. Montgomery? He sounds like the type of fellow who doesn't just look under the bed every night but sleeps there. . . . We have a nice letter from R. A. Thompson, a Petersburg, Virginia, union official. He says his people go along with us and that we sell out on the newsstands in Petersburg the first day of appearance. It's a small world. . . . Mr. W. L. High of the Reading Screw Company, Norristown, Pennsylvania, tells us off for some prank of our circulation department, which apparently sent him a copy of the Willkie supplement. "We are at a loss," he says, "to understand the purpose of mailing this copy whether momentary or political." And "we are at no time interested in propaganda or the writings of a vitriolic pen." And "If you wish to publish a well worth article and your paper is non-political, I then would suggest that you write to the research division, Republican National Committee." He says if we do this and publish the *facts*, he'll subscribe. We still say it's a small world.

Herman Klurfeld, of New York City, wishes to correct Travis K. Hendrick's reference in a letter we printed (September 16) to Walter Winchell as a Newspaper Guild member. "Mr. Winchell is not, and never was, a member of the Guild." . . . The Nursing Council on National Defense wants "qualified young women to secure expert advice about entering schools of nursing" by getting in touch with them at 50 West Fiftieth Street, New York City. Nursing, as they point out, is essential in wartime, and they promise that for the "competent and adaptable" there is no such thing as unemployment.

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Books in Review

"The Country I Remember"

THE APPEARANCE of Brooks's "New England: Indian Summer" offers an opportunity to pay one's respects to a remarkable American poet whom too few people have read.

Trumbull Stickney (1874-1904) was one of those New Englanders of the last half of the last century who oscillated between Europe and Boston. He was born in Geneva in Switzerland, was graduated with classical honors at Harvard, and went back, as soon as he left college, to Europe, where he spent seven years studying in Paris and afterwards traveled in Greece. He returned to teach Greek at Harvard in the fall of 1903 and died suddenly a year later in Boston of tumor of the brain. His brilliance as a scholar had been a prodigy. He had taken at the University of Paris the only *Doctorat ès Lettres* that had ever been given an Anglo-Saxon. There is an interesting footnote in Brooks, in which he quotes a description by Shane Leslie of Stickney's doctor's examination at the Sorbonne: "With what learning and subtlety he defended himself against their sleight of tongue! How they pricked and tore and tossed his thesis! With his beautiful gray eyes and sad bewildered face, he met them on his own ground and in their own tongue. How carelessly the Greek flowed from his lips, and with what unperturbed French he met all their objections for hour after hour. When the strife was over, they were all polite congratulations." His thesis on "Les Sentences dans la Poèsie Grecque" was greatly praised in France. I have heard one of his friends at Harvard, whose experience of American writers and scholars was as wide as that of anyone of his time, declare that Trumbull Stickney was the most cultivated man he had ever known.

In the meantime, he had been writing poems. He published in 1902 a volume called "Dramatic Verses," and his friends brought out after his death "The Poems of Trumbull Stickney" (Houghton Mifflin, 1905), which included this and much unpublished work. Trumbull Stickney was a member of that extraordinary group of writers who graduated from Harvard in the nineties and who included William Vaughn Moody, Robert Herrick and Robert Morss Lovett. The great reputation of Moody long outshone, and still outshines, Stickney's. E. C. Stedman did not include him in his "American Anthology" of 1900; but with time the diligent readers of American poetry began to discover Stickney. Louis Untermeyer gave him considerable space in his "Modern American Poetry"; and Mark Van Doren selected him as one of the limited number of poets to be represented on a liberal scale in his admirable "American Poets." Van Wyck Brooks in his second volume says correctly of Stickney that he suffered in reputation from appearing during the twilight of the New England period, when the attention of the critics was turned elsewhere; and the poets who read him today tend to take him more seriously than they do Moody. It is the purpose of this article to try to make out a clearer case for Trumbull Stickney.

He had none of the facility of Moody. You may read pages and pages of Stickney in which the verse seems quite unmusical and even awkward, and where the color seems conventional and lusterless. Moody's verses slip by as smoothly as some thin ethereal syrup; his colors have the shimmer of a soap-bubble film. You begin by being delighted, but you end by being somehow annoyed. With all the sureness of Moody's touch, he has some fundamental deficiency of taste. "The Daguerreotype," which ought to be moving, goes on and on for so long that it finally begins to sound maudlin. The "Ode in Time of Hesitation," which ought to be hard-hitting and bitter, is so diluted with conventional rhetoric:

> The proud republic hath not stooped to cheat
> And scramble in the market-place of war, etc.—

that you almost end by sympathizing with the imperialists, because they get down to brass tacks. "The Moon-Moth" mirrors Greece in Moody's peculiar soapy iridescence—one of the most successful things in the poem is actually a soap-bubble metaphor—which looks as if it would shatter in dull drops of water if one prodded it with a solid figure.

The poetry of Stickney, as I say, has nothing of this false felicity; and there are times when he seems less talented than Moody. The appetite is baffled by the peculiar aridities of the esthetic American of the nineties, who combines sensuous imagery and sighing emotions with a medium which, for all his efforts, remains basically rock-like and cold, who ransacks the recorded passions of classical antiquity or Renaissance Italy to find only frustrations appropriate to a novel by Henry James or Edith Wharton. The Greek plays and dramatic monologues of Stickney are just as unreadable as Moody's. Out of the monstrous myths of Aeschylus, he gets only great slabs of blank verse, and from the luxurious crimes of the popes, little more than an echo of Browning.

But there is a real poet in Stickney. In a poem like the first piece called "In Ampezzo" in the volume of collected poems, the resisting integument has been broken by an expansion of sensibility that meets, merges into, possesses, some landscape with its atmosphere of a moment. Other poems are rather successful with a *fin de siècle* cadence—the cadence of the Rhymers' Club. "Be still. The Hanging Gardens were a dream"—which seems to be Stickney's best-known piece, having been trailed through the anthologies like Ernest Dowson's "Cynara"—is an obvious example of this. But there is something else to the Hanging Gardens, something which gives it more weight than Dowson. We can see these qualities of Stickney's better illustrated in another poem, which is probably not so well known:

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It's autumn in the country I remember.

How warm a wind blew here about the ways!
And shadows on the hillside lay to slumber
During the long sun-sweetened summer-days.

It's cold abroad the country I remember.

The swallows veering skimmed the golden grain
At midday with a wing aslant and limber;
And yellow cattle browsed upon the plain.

It's empty down the country I remember.

I had a sister lovely in my sight:
Her hair was dark, her eyes were very somber;
We sang together in the woods at night.

It's lonely in the country I remember.

The babble of our children fills my ears,
And on our hearth I stare the perished ember
To flames that show all starry thro' my tears.

It's dark about the country I remember.

There are the mountains where I lived. The path
Is slushed with cattle-tracks and fallen timber,
The stumps are twisted by the tempests' wrath.

But that I knew these places are my own,
I'd ask how came such wretchedness to cumber
The earth, and I to people it alone.

It rains across the country I remember.

This is in a mood not unlike Verlaine; but it has in it something stronger and more masculine than *"Il pleut dans mon coeur"* and the rest. Trumbull Stickney was less accomplished than Verlaine, and there are in the poem a few touches—for example, in the third tercet—of the sentimental conventions and the amateurish style that afflicted the American poetry of the period. Yet it has also certain passages in a style not at all characteristic of that period. *And yellow cattle browsed upon the plain; We sang together in the woods at night*—the words here are perfectly simple, there is not a "poetic" word among them; but each of these lines presents a scene with remarkable completeness and beauty. This spareness and simplicity of language that carries a charge of meaning is quite unlike the decadent romanticism that reigned at the end of the century.

This quality is what the Russians admire in Pushkin, and it is what we admire in the best of Robert Frost—"Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening," for instance, where words commonplace in themselves, such as the perfectly conversational line, *The darkest evening of the year*, take on a special emphasis and color. It was what Trumbull Stickney had that was really impressive and original. You find it often in the last line of his poems. Like Walter Savage Landor, he had a habit of ending blurred or feeble pieces with a clear minting of his thought into syllables:

Through art divine, thou livest—as of old
Apollo springing naked to the light,
And all his island shivered into flowers.

Or better, in one of those sonnets on Greece that are among the best things he wrote:

To me my troubled life doth now appear
Like scarce distinguishable summits hung
Around the blue horizon: places where
Not even a traveler purposeth to steer—
Whereof a migrant bird in passing sung,
And the girl closed her window not to hear.

Or in the curious elegy numbered XXVIII among the posthumous lyrics:

Leave him, for rest alone can cure—
If cure there be—
This waif upon the sea.
He is of those who slanted the great door
And listened—wretched little lad—
To what they said.

What is behind the best poetry of Stickney is a conflict between the desired and the possible much more serious than the wistfulness of the nineties. It is evidently one of those New England conflicts such as we get in the heroes of Henry James: the struggle of the desire to live against cramped habits and a dead tradition. After confessing in the sonnet about the Hanging Gardens the falsity of romantic literature as a substitute for that "light of life" by which he says he has been blinded like a frightened owl:

Be still Thou foolish thing, thou canst not wake,
Nor thy tears wedge thy soldered lids apart,
But patter in the darkness of thy heart. . . .

And thus the most effective images of Stickney—the soldered eyelids, the slanted door, the girl who closes her window, the desolated country of childhood—all represent the poet as shut out from some source of beauty or life. Trumbull Stickney's real strength lies in his not being content to pretend, as other poets of the period did—the Englishman James Elroy Flecker is a more brilliant example of this than any of the American poets—that the putting-on of exotic costumes gives one the right to speak in the name of the feelings of their original wearers. Stickney is enough of a poet on occasion to throw off the costume and speak for himself; and when he does so, the cluttered and troubled, the all but inarticulate, opacities give way to a straight beam of verse—actual, inevitable, distinct. If Stickney had not died at thirty, would he have worked himself clear of the costuming? Would he have learned the free use of his voice? When we identify his style in these passages and poems, we remember that the wit, the poignance and the homeliness of Heine's lyrics are not more clearly implied in his youthful romantic ballads, nor the Yeats of "The Wild Swans at Coole" in his early pre-Raphaelite fantasies.

But Trumbull Stickney never arrived artistically, as Yeats and Heine did, at the realization of his full personality; and his conflict remains a deadlock: the shut door never opens. Stickney, standing before it, spoke some of the most eloquent words of that dispossessed generation; and then died from a disease of that poor brain into which he had poured so much Greek. EDMUND WILSON

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Judge with His Hair Down

Mr. Justice Miller and the Supreme Court: 1862-1890, by Charles Fairman. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 468 pages. $4.50.

THERE HAVE BEEN even fewer good full-length biographies of our Supreme Court Justices than there have been good justices. The best known of the biographies is, of course, Beveridge's sprawling Marshall; Swisher has done craftsmanlike studies of Field and Taney, although Taney as Chief Justice might have been given fuller treatment; Pringle's Taft and Lief's Brandeis pretty much complete the picture, but the first necessarily scants the Chief Justice for the President, and the definitive Brandeis study remains to be written. The difficulty is partly that writers and readers alike tend to think that a judge's life is not an exciting one. To distill from the long rows of Supreme Court Reports the intellectual and human excitement they conceal requires the capacity of a legal technician to understand the cases, the insight of a social scientist to see their impact on men's lives, and the art of a writer to clothe it all in words. And these qualities are not often found in combination.

But another difficulty is that good judges, like good criminals, leave behind them few clews to their work and mind. Once a man gets to the Supreme Court he is expected to dehumanize himself and become stiff and formal as a steel engraving—which is what several New Dealers on the Court are now discovering. It is only when you can find private letters or diaries in which the judge has let his hair down that your task as biographer is lightened. That was true of Pringle in writing of Taft. And it is true of Professor Fairman in his study of Mr. Justice Samuel Freeman Miller. Fortunately for us, Miller set down with complete frankness, in a long series of letters to his brother-in-law and best friend, W. P. Ballinger, his views on politics and personalities inside the Court and out. Fairman has done a stunning research job in following up every clue, and has shown the historian's imagination along with the biographer's fidelity.

The result is a book that is easily the best biography of a Supreme Court Justice since Beveridge. Fairman, moreover, lacks Beveridge's long-windedness, his extreme partisanship and his habit of accepting judicial utterances at their face value. He has some of the defects of his qualities. His conciseness becomes elliptical, his scholarship often leads him to understatement, and while the legal student will read between the lines the layman will need more signposts to bring out the sheer human importance of the decisions of the Miller period. One might add that a better architectural eye might have given different proportions to the material. Yet these are minor quarrels with a first-rate book.

And it is a first-rate subject as well, for Fairman has dealt not only with Miller but with the history of the whole Court during his tenure. Miller started as a Kentucky country doctor, shifted to law, built up a considerable legal practice in Keokuk, Iowa, dabbled in pre-Civil War Republican politics, and was practically unknown beyond his state when Lincoln appointed him to the Supreme Court in 1862 as a result of a reshuffling of the judicial circuits to bring in the new Western states. It was one of the crises in the Court's history: there was the problem of what the Court would do with Lincoln's assumption of extraordinary war powers, the problem of test oaths and civil rights in the readmitted Southern states, the legal-tender question, the troubles with receiverships and municipal bond issues in an overextended railroad capitalism (Fairman calls Miller's "the mortgaged generation"). But overshadowing everything else there was the new Fourteenth Amendment and the problem of how it would be interpreted and applied.

The Court wavered between two lines of direction. One was represented by Miller, whose opinion in the Slaughter House Cases ranks as one of our great constitutional decisions. The other was represented by Mr. Justice Field, the champion of the reactionary interpretation of the due-process clause as a synonym for laissez-faire toward business and a repressive attitude toward state social legislation. For a quarter-century the history of the Court was the struggle between Miller's viewpoint and Field's. Toward the end of the eighties Field won out, but not until Miller had written into the Court's records a philosophy of effective national power and of judicial abstinence from the killing of state legislation which could be used by later liberals. In a real sense, Miller is a forerunner of Holmes, Brandeis, Frankfurter and Black.

Miller had a disheartening task, which might have clouded a nature less buoyant. He lived and worked in the period when the triumph of Northern industrialism was transformed into the triumph of monopoly capitalism. He had some glimpses, although incomplete, of the forces of absentee ownership that were opposing him. "I have met with but few things," he writes in a letter of 1878, "that have shaken my faith in human nature as much as the united, vigorous and selfish effort of the capitalists—the class of men who as a distinct class are but recently known in this country—I mean those who live solely by interests and dividends. . . . They *produce nothing*." And he had to fight these forces with a Court whose personnel had ability and almost no social vision. "I have for thirteen years," he writes in 1875, "given all my energies and my intellect to the duties of my office, and to the effort to make and to keep our court what it should be. . . . But I feel like taking it easy now. I can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. I can't make a great Chief Justice out of a small man [Waite]. I can't make Clifford and Swayne, who are too old, resign, nor keep the Chief Justice from giving them cases to write opinions in which their garrulity is often mixed with mischief. . . . It is vain to contend with judges who have been at the bar the advocates for forty years of railroad companies, and all the forms of associated capital, when they are called upon to decide cases where such interests are in contest. All their training, all their feelings are from the start in favor of those who need no such influence."

Miller's acrid comments are not confined to the economic bias of his colleagues. He has much to say in his letters on the senility of several of them, and in general on the problem of old age as it affects the judicial process. He was always fearful that he might outstay his time on the Court. He died in 1890 at seventy-four, vigorous to

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the end, yet himself an illustration of how difficult it is even for the strongest mind to keep pace with the swift course of events. For the Miller who had fought so valiantly in the struggle of democracy against capitalism was able, in a speech delivered a few years before his death, to launch on a tirade against the new "socialistic" forces in America that were threatening private property and organized society.

MAX LERNER

Goethe the Nourisher

The Beloved Returns: Lotte in Weimar, by Thomas Mann, translated from the German by H. T. Lowe-Porter. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 453 pages. $2.50.

THOMAS MANN'S latest work is not the expected continuation of his Joseph story, but instead a novel built around an episode in Goethe's life. Goethe is here sixty-seven, at work on the myths of the Classical Walpurgis-night in "Faust," and ready to close the circle of his life by reintegrating his beginnings in the final phase. At this point, Lotte comes to Weimar—Lotte, the famous heroine of "Werther's Sorrows," whom Goethe wooed in his youth. Mann identifies himself with Goethe to the point of idiom and metaphor, so that one cannot tell where the one leaves off and the other begins. Combining astounding erudition with poetic recreation, the story becomes Mann's most pious homage to tradition.

Within the framework of identification, Mann repeats his theme of the relation between art and nature. The "Tonio Kroeger" pattern in which the artist yearned for life seems at first to be reversed, for here life comes to art. "Blond and blue-eyed" Lotte had chosen the life of nature, had married a sober bourgeois husband and become the mother of eleven children. Now, after forty-four years of "living" (as opposed to life-in-art), Lotte makes a kind of pilgrimage to the art center of Germany and to the magician who holds all spellbound. Goethe's "answer" is an invitation to a formal dinner amid the circle of his admirers. Lotte's childlike attempt at recapturing the past somewhat irritates Goethe, to whom the passing is now valid only as symbol of the recurrent. As such, Lotte has long merged with those representatives of the "eternal feminine" who had preceded and followed her.

In the long and breathless "speeches" which fill more than half the novel, Goethe's disciples, especially his secretary and son, justify his conversion of the historic and the living into the mythical. The elder Goethe appears to them as absolute art and spirit, at once disinterested and all-understanding, a kind of bi-sexual God-Father who has fused opposites in an all-embracing harmony. But the novel also contains an ironic and comic view of "the great man." To recreate the oneness of nature in *symbols*, the artist is forced to keep his distance from life and nature in their concrete manifestations. This is the meaning given here to Goethe's aloofness from politics, and his aversion to a settled life, to marriage, home and family. Goethe, the artist, could but "play" with human material, could only permit himself to snatch kisses from the Lottes. But no children come from kisses. To be sure, Goethe's final wisdom called for the union of "kisses" and "children," of art and nature, of myth and history, of personality and communality. But in his historic life, Goethe did not succeed in this interplay. He did marry, but it was late in life, and the event brought little change in his personal habits. He had a son, but August is shown as only a weak echo of Goethe. His "identification" with the father takes the form of "bond-service" to the great man, and the sacrifice of his own personality. And the novel shows that Goethe exacted such service from all about him. Just as the lover used the Lottes, so the father demanded the sacrifice of the son and of the community at the altar of his art.

This is the point where the artist's "play" with life issues into the tragic. And, to be redeemed, the artist has need of the grace of life. Hence, we are prepared for the final act where Goethe comes to Lotte. Despite and because of her childlike nature, Lotte stands nearest to him. She too has not yielded to the fashions of the day; on a simple, elemental level, she too has held to "the truth, the old truth." Unlike the other "natures" in Goethe's life, Lotte has not allowed herself to be used up, but has converted her experience into a productive life. And while the circle about Goethe fawns and imitates, Lotte maintains a quiet dignity and independence toward the Olympian. Goethe comes to her, returns to "the mother," and in a somewhat mythical scene, enacted amidst the shadows of his rolling carriage, he pleads for understanding and forgiveness. Goethe speaks of the hidden searing torment in the very sacrifices made to his art. "They sacrificed to the god, and in the end the sacrifice was God. . . . In the chance and change of things I am the candle too, giving my body that the light may burn." Renunciation remains the poet's pact with the Muse, and life the forbidden garden. The final words are spoken by Lotte. She whispers "Peace to your old age" to him who can now look forward only to the last Antæan compensation, to death, the ultimate transformation of nature into the flame.

Mann's "Joseph in Egypt" was to be followed by "Joseph the Nourisher," in which Joseph becomes father of a family, as well as father to the people of Egypt. Has Mann interrupted work on this story because, in the present darkness, he has been unable to gather the persuasion for this positive direction? Is his regression to Goethe (who is here likened to Joseph) the invocation of a living prototype for the ideal Joseph, a plea to "the Mothers" of history to release the son? Is Goethe, by whom Mann himself has been nourished, to serve as "the nourisher" of Mann's final Joseph conception? But, as we have seen, "The Beloved Returns" is the story of a father without children, of an individual disdainful of "the crowd"; and the Goethe of this story, with his cold, non-reciprocal attitude toward his community, is a questionable precedent for the complete Joseph, conceived as a communal personality. It may be that the picture of Goethe is Mann's own form of "play" and irony, a kind of critical reservation on the phenomenon of the great man.

HARRY SLOCHOWER

Three Days

Earth opened, by dread thunder riven.
Christ descended, harried Hell.
Unhurried His approach to Heaven,
A place He did not know so well.

JOHN PEALE BISHOP

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The Big Bad Wolf

Minority Report, by Bernard DeVoto. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 356 pages. $2.75.

BERNARD DEVOTO, that laughter-loving man, has overreached himself again. Unwilling to take the cash and let the credit go, he has collected from the sere and yellow pages of Harper's Magazine and The Saturday Review of Literature all those clever articles and smart reviews that have made him the Big Bad Wolf of, as who should say, Living American Writers. "Minority Report," which is what this spectacle is entitled for his breathlessly applauding audience, provides a continuous performance by DeVoto, the only person who knows anything about Mark Twain; DeVoto, the custodian of the Gospel that was H. L. Mencken; DeVoto, the one-man-band for Robert Frost; and DeVoto, the apologist for the Higher Criticism exemplified by Bernard ("Just call me Benny") DeVoto. Come on, folks, step right up and see the slickest intellectual trapeze artist this side of Archibald MacLeish.

It is, as the previous paragraph should demonstrate, exceedingly difficult to be fair about Bernard DeVoto. One either takes him too seriously, and becomes involved in a slanging match with a champion at the blow a fraction of an inch above the belt, or one dismisses him with a well bred murmur of "After all, one does not care to speak of people like *that* in public," and—quicker than one can say Thomas Stearns Eliot—DeVoto appears with a first-rate piece of criticism which should command the respect of even the most malign detractor. In literature as in life, the middle way is often the best way. And so when discussing DeVoto, it is well to remember the so sage counsel designed to curb such self-indulgence: all vices in moderation.

For only a believer in the Devil Theory of Bernard DeVoto—a theory in which he himself has a somewhat heretical faith—will maintain that he is wholly without merit. After all, he can write well; and in view of what currently passes for style, such a virtue is almost heroic. His knowledge of American history is at least some degree advanced beyond that of chronology, and with it he is often able to illuminate a subject in a different and sometimes more interesting way than is the practitioner of pure thought. He is aware of the failings as well as the abilities of the psychology that he employs, and as a result he has written in "Widower's House," for example, one of the best analyses of Havelock Ellis yet to appear. Furthermore, being a teacher of "creative writing" and a fictioneer himself, he is remarkably acute at discovering beneath the full-blown literary reputation the rottenness at the heart. His remarks on William Faulkner's novels should cause the too worshipful admirer of "The Sound and the Fury" to recall the rest of the Shakespeare line from which the title is derived. And his demolition of the Eugene O'Neill myth should rejoice the soul of anyone who had the exquisite experience of walking out on a presentation of "The Great God Brown" when it reached that classic speech: "Let me fry you a chop." There are good things about DeVoto. But—sharpen the axe—there are some bad things too.

In estimating those "bad things," one finds at once that DeVoto is himself uneasily aware of them. His reply to Edmund Wilson's criticism is reprinted in "Minority Report," and it is probably the best reverse indictment that could be drawn up against the kind of thinking that DeVoto represents. With the smart-aleckness of a spoiled child, he exults in a philosophy as shoddy as it is common. The pragmatism and empiricism which he calls his own are hardly above the level of the Little Blue Books. And his nose-thumbing skepticism of "Absolutes" is about as profound as a Buchmanite's discovery of God. It is not surprising that he should use such worthless weapons as the argument by false analogy and the derivation of the whole from the part. But it is a little shocking to realize that in his large discourse he is prepared to descend to the cheapest wit and the most clownish humor.

Certainly this intellectual incompetence underlies everything else. For the negativism that results from making the absence of theory the only theory is the basis for his literary criticism. Since he has nothing beyond the objectivities of technique and competence by which to weigh the artistic value of a writer, he is an easy dupe to the falsifications of subjective judgment. Dependent upon something as fallible as Bernard DeVoto's good taste, it is little wonder that his positive verdicts are so often dead wrong. Not all his extravagant statements, his glorified blurb writing, his strident enthusiasms can turn a journalist into a critic. And though he makes a pose—decked out with spurious humor—of reveling at the foot of the table, there can be no question that he would like the seat of honor. This no doubt accounts for the shabby rationalization of blaming "the brethren," as he terms the critics of liberal journals, for ganging up on him. That dagger which he sees before him is his own creation. He is, so the jacket says, "one of the foremost literary journalists of his generation working at his trade of editorial commentator." As long as he sticks to providing readers of a certain sort of magazine with something to think about, all goes well. But once he starts talking of the oh-so-eternal verities, then the critical snakes begin crawling all over the typewriter, and Bernard DeVoto is sure that they are after him. Sometimes, of course, they are.

DUNSTAN THOMPSON

A Reader's List

RASCALS IN DEMOCRACY, by W. G. Clugston (Richard R. Smith, $2.50). A Kansas journalist uses his home state as a laboratory to show how democracy and the average citizen have been pushed around by interest-serving politicians working in concert with prohibitionists, psalm-singing moralists and the like. The rascals, according to Clugston, include Alf Landon, Senator Capper and William Allen White. Intelligent and readable muckraking.

THE LAST OF THE BANDIT RIDERS, by Matt Warner and Murray E. King (Caxton, $3). The story of cowboy Matt Warner, for nearly a quarter-century one of the most feared and hunted outlaws of the Old West. Fast-paced and thrill-packed but not just a thriller. The holdups, cattle rustling and daylight bank robberies are described with a craftsman's shrewd regard for technique and a sharp recognition of the social price paid by the bandit for his fun and swag. A colorful addition to the growing Caxton shelf of Americana.

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CARAVANS TO THE NORTHWEST, by John Blanchard, sponsored by the Northwest Regional Council (Houghton, Mifflin, $1.90). A graphic economic survey of the Northwestern states with special emphasis on the area's potential capacity to absorb the constant stream of migrants. One solution: long-range planning in coöperation with the federal government instead of wasteful private exploitation. Charts and pictures supplemented by sensible text.

Verse

A WINTER TIDE, by Robert Nathan (Knopf, $2). Naïvely unhappy, these neo-philosophical, neo-political poems strike no depths. The author drives up familiar highways of pity, for the refugee, the Jew, life in general.

THE COCK OF HEAVEN, by Elder Olson (Macmillan, $2). An abstract and strongly derivative poem of epic proportions, full of murder, depravity, thunder, the awful God. Moral arguments concerning the destruction of the world are herein heard. Technically smart, but unoriginal.

Fiction

STEPS OF THE SUN, by Emily Hahn (Dial, $2.50). Romance in Shanghai between an American girl and a Chinese, she charming and intelligent, he charming, intelligent and married. In the end it comes to nothing, for Dorothy can be lots of things but none of them is second wife in a Chinese establishment. Sharp, efficient writing, aided by the fact that Miss Hahn knows Shanghai the way you know your own city block.

Contributors

NATHANIEL PEFFER is the author of "Must We Fight in Asia?" and "China: The Collapse of a Civilization," as well as other books on the Far East.

STUART CHASE is a noted writer on economic and sociological subjects. His "Idle Money, Idle Men" was published last August by Harcourt, Brace.

HENRY RAGO is a young Chicago poet who has appeared regularly in Poetry since 1931. He has also published verse in The Commonweal and America.

HAROLD J. RUTTENBERG is the research director of the national organization of the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee.

STANLEY RUTTENBERG, the brother of Harold J. Ruttenberg, is connected with the research department of the CIO in Washington.

JEROME MELLQUIST was formerly Art Editor for the Sunday Brooklyn Eagle. He is preparing a book on Modern American Art for spring publication.

MAX LERNER is professor of Political Science at Williams College and author of two books, "It Is Later Than You Think" and "Ideas Are Weapons."

HARRY SLOCHOWER is the author of "Three Ways of Modern Man" and "Thomas Mann's Joseph Story." He is a teacher of German and Comparative Literature at Brooklyn College and is completing a book on post-war forms of cultural alienations.

JOHN PEALE BISHOP's collected poems will be published next spring.

DUNSTAN THOMPSON, poet and critic, is now living in New York City.

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STATE OF NEW YORK } SS.
COUNTY OF NEW YORK }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Daniel Mebane, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of The New Republic and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption required by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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Managing Editor, Bruce Bliven, 40 E. 49th St., New York, N. Y.
Business Manager, Daniel Mebane, 40 E. 49th St., New York, N. Y.

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